

LIFE



LUXURY AND LANGUOR OF RIVIERA YACHTING

Aboard some of the world's
most elegant yachts—

A guest prepares to leap
into the Mediterranean

JULY 9 • 1965 • 35¢

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKERS

Species Americornus: Barefoot boy

More porch-step gourmets settle down with Kellogg's Corn Flakes than any other cereal in the world.

Crispiest, freshest, corniest flakes anybody makes
"The best to you each morning"





Little Bart put Mrs. Sherwood's Maytag back in diapers again

Her Maytag probably won't notice another few loads. It's been doing 25 a week for 6 years. Hasn't had a major repair yet.

Eight-month-old Bart Sherwood of Fairfield, Connecticut, is the third member of the family to have diapers done in Mom's 6-year-old Maytag Automatic Washer. Which of course has also been doing all the other wash for this family of 10, as well.

Every day of the week, Mrs. Sherwood does at least three full loads of laundry (not counting Bart's diapers). In spite of this steady stream of work, the Sherwood's Maytag has yet to need a major repair.

Because dresses are the dominant item in the Sherwood laundry, Mrs. Sherwood is especially fond of her Maytag's wash 'n wear cycle. Best of all though, she likes Maytag's day-in, day-out dependability.

That's obvious, Mrs. Sherwood.



New! 200-page, "Maytag Encyclopedia of Home Laundry." Everything about buying, washing and drying. Send \$10 in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. P-1, Newton, Iowa 50208.



How come more than 50,000 lawyers have signed on the dotted line with Metropolitan Life?

Practicing law gives a man a keen eye for what goes into a contract. And clearly, lawyers like what goes into a Metropolitan policy.

Which is why so many of them have Metropolitan policies of their own.

They also like the careful ways Metropolitan sews up all the loose ends. For example, how we can add one little rider which can make a policy pay off as much as five times its face value. How we can help avoid "disinheriting" a child. How life insurance can be made to pay a lifetime income after retirement.

Another nice extra—and this one you can have tomorrow—is Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up. This is a free, written analysis that pinpoints your family's financial situation today and projects tomorrow's opportunities. Ask your Metropolitan adviser. There's no obligation...except to those you love.

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company



CONTENTS

Editorials	4
The Changed War in Vietnam Get Our Capitol a Real Architect!	
LIFE Reviews	10
Book: <i>Fair Fights and Foul, a Dissenting Lawyer's Life</i> , by Thurman Arnold, reviewed by Eugene V. Rostow	
Movie: <i>What's New Pussycat?</i> , reviewed by Richard Schickel	
Letters to the Editors	17
The View from Here	19
Intern's year—the making of Dr. X. By Loudon Wainwright	
A Sight Few Live to Tell About	20
An engine and part of a wing plummet in flames from a jet airliner as a passenger photographs the drama	
Events of the Week	28
People in the News	30
Washington Report	30B
NASA's Firefly Project	35
The lightning bug is given a high space mission	
Close-up: Erich Leinsdorf	39
Boston's conductor is an insatiable perfectionist who demands brilliance	
Yachting in the Grand Style	46
This is really the way to live—on the luxury boats that royalty and millionaires sail off the Riviera	
Chou Gets Socked—Twice	62A
The Chinese premier has a rough time in Africa. Special Report by George de Carvalho	
Sassoon and His Scissors	67
A British hairdresser comes to U.S. and says, "The thing I can't resist is a neck"	
Laser on the Cancer Frontier	70
The powerful beam is being tried as a surgical tool	
The Judge Gets Tough on Hoodlums	74
Juanita Stout stirs up Philadelphia by the way she handles delinquents. By Dora Jane Hamblin	
Greatest Pie Fight Ever	84
The Great Race produces a big SPLAAT. By David Zeitlin	
Miscellany: Fishing in troubled waters	90

© 1965 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

COVER—HOWELL COVANT

- 31—BEN MARTIN for TIME
32—TIM F. BRICE
33—ERNEST BARKER, one of I. A. F.
34—KATHY—SAN FRANCISCO EX-AMINER
35—SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER
36—N. R. FARMAN
37—H. A. P. EYED NEWS: HE IS THE ONE GILLOFF, FOR PRO-TEST
38—ONE BARBERS—A. P. I.
39—EDDY POSTUMA OF BOEN
- 39B—A. P.
39B—CHARLES MOORE from B.S.
39B—BENNY CROSKINSKY, CHUCK
39B—BOB BEARS
39B—MARTIN LUTHER from PIX
39B—GEORGE DE CARVALHO
39B—RIDDLE JACK NEWS AGENCY
39B—BENNETT BUSHMAN
39B—C. RACONOT
39B—J. B. SHANK
39B—J. B. SHANK
39B—DAVID R. LYMAN

Credits are indicated from left to right by commas; one to bottom by dashes.

EDITORS' NOTE

'Life Magazine? Of America? Very Sorry. Goodby'

While covering Chou En-lai's recent trip to Africa, our Near East correspondent, George de Carvalho, spent almost a month trying to interview Communist China's premier. Tracking him first to Tanzania, then to Egypt, trailing him down streets and through hotel lobbies, De Carvalho was unable to penetrate the barrier thrown up by Chou's entourage. Failing to reach Chou directly, George bombarded him with 15 telegrams and 12 letters. "Your Excellency," the first telegram began. "There is considerable controversy in the United States and elsewhere regarding China and United States policies toward China and Southeast Asia. LIFE magazine has assigned me to seek an interview with Your Excellency to obtain the viewpoint of the People's Republic of China on basic outstanding issues. . . ." Chou's reaction was to demand that Egypt bar the Western press from his public appearances. George persevered. "When Chou visited Cairo's Agriculture Museum, I was a yard away and he looked right through me. When he visited the Helwan steel mill, I was hustled out just before he arrived but waved from the gate as he drove in. He nodded unblinkingly. When Chou entrained for Alexandria, I met him and got exactly one picture before a hand loomed up in my viewfinder. When I called on the official New China News Agency for help, its correspondent did a double-take: 'LIFE magazine? Of America? Very sorry. Goodby.' I felt like telegraphing Chou, 'What is Your Excellency afraid of?' Even though Dr. Carvalho never got his interview, by talking to people who had rubbed shoulders with Chou in Africa he was able to piece together the Special Report that begins on page 62A of this issue.

Secondhand reporting isn't George de Carvalho's meat. For his story on the war in Yemen (LIFE, Feb. 19) George lived in the hills with the Imam's troops for weeks, was repeatedly shot at by Egyptian fighter planes, tanks, mortars and artillery. And for last month's story on the mounting tension between Israel and Arab countries he went directly to the leaders on either side for his information. Tireless, endlessly curious, George has been covering the world for 27 of his 44 years. Born in Hongkong and brought up in Shanghai, George remembers seeing Nationalist soldiers charging Red pillboxes when Chiang Kai-shek took the city, later watched the Japanese bayoneting civilians. In 1938 he joined the San Francisco Chronicle as a police reporter, and during the war served three years as a paratrooper (17 jumps, two Purple Hearts, citations from France, Belgium and the U.S.), then in 1952 back at the Chronicle he won a Pulitzer prize for breaking the story that Red Chinese were extorting money from the U.S. relatives of mainland families. Since joining this organization in 1954, George has been based most of the time in foreign cities. Now he is in Beirut, with a territory, as he describes it, "of five million square miles of sand. But what exciting sand."



DE CARVALHO

George P. Hunt

George P. Hunt, Managing Editor

July 9, 1965
LIFE is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60610; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Liner, President; D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer; Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscriptions \$7.75 a year and Canadian subscriptions \$9.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Regions 5A, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 21, 22 and 23: RR-RO; Regions 2, 3A, 3B, 5B, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25 and 26: RR-NA; Regions 1A, 3B, 10A and 17: RR; Regions 1B and 10C: RR-RO.

The Changed War in Vietnam

The monsoon rains of Southeast Asia are dampening more spirits in Washington than in South Vietnam. General Westmoreland's men knew the summer weather would hinder our air activity and make things easier for the Vietcong. Prepared for this, their morale remains excellent. But many of our political leaders are in a rain-soaked mood of "no-win" gloom and frustration.

Much of the war news has indeed been discouraging. The B-52s that bombed from Guam were weatherproof, but their damage to the "Zone D" jungle redoubt was evidently negligible. Five months of air strikes against North Vietnam have made no visible dent in Hanoi's will to resist or refusal to parley. The Vietnamese army still has too few reserves and too many deserters. The city of Saigon is under a major attack by terror and infiltration to which the new Ky government's tough answer—public executions, curfews, crackdowns on the press, etc.—adds its own doubts and fears.

Meanwhile the U.S. has committed another 21,000 troops to Vietnam and will probably have over 100,000 there by December. Their mission now includes "combat support" of the Vietnamese and even offensive action like last week's landing of U.S. paratroopers in Zone D. The scale of engagements is mounting and our forces may be facing a major pitched battle

with the massed Vietcong around Pleiku.

Such news is beginning to disturb some hitherto staunch supporters of U.S. policy in Vietnam. It also magnifies the new warnings of old defeatists. "You will never win," says De Gaulle to Hubert Humphrey; and Britain's envoy Patrick Gordon Walker tells Washington much the same. Prime Minister Wilson's trace-seeking mission of Commonwealth prime ministers gets Johnson's lugubrious blessing: he must even pretend to welcome the idea of a cease-fire negotiated by Kwame Nkrumah, having failed to reach the enemy through a dozen other negotiating channels, open and secret. At home, while Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen continues to support the President, Congressmen Ford and Laird have staked out a dubious new Republican position on both sides of LBJ: no more U.S. ground troops, but more aggressive U.S. bombing.

In and out of Congress, the reasons for U.S. involvement in Vietnam have been thoroughly debated and the case for our staying there (it was spelled out by Eugene Rostow in last week's *LIFE*) may be considered closed. Certainly the weather should not be allowed to alter a policy the soundness of which has not been disproved on other grounds. The President's declared objective of forcing negotiations

through measured toughness ("power with restraint") is still a good objective. But he now faces some new decisions about the means he has chosen and where they are likely to lead.

He should reconsider his restrictions on bomb targets in North Vietnam and his fears of provoking Russian displeasure or Chinese reprisal. He must soon decide whether General Westmoreland's "U.S. Military Assistance Command" should not change its name and accept more command responsibility in the area, perhaps becoming a unified U.S.-Vietnamese command on the Korean model—the effect of this change on the precarious politics of Vietnam would also have to be carefully weighed. He should above all make clearer public declarations about how the war has already changed, and why the future of Asia and of U.S. security justify our enlarged commitment. Instead, he has been giving the impression of a creeping, secretive and unplanned escalation, with even a hint of self-doubt.

Johnson has shown wisdom in his decisions on Vietnam up to now, and most Americans, according to the polls, think he is doing about right there. A summer of bad news need not disturb that consensus if the President gives it a voice. Let him clearly and emphatically enunciate our stake and aims in Southeast Asia and ask for public support. He'll get it.

Get Our Capitol a Real Architect!

Beauty, like charity, should begin at home, and President and Mrs. Johnson have wisely started their campaign for national beautification right in Washington, where Lady Bird's daffodils already adorn Pennsylvania Avenue. But the site that now most needs Lyndon Johnson's attention is the building in which he made his political reputation, the United States Capitol itself. The Capitol is in danger a) of falling down and b) of being mutilated in an inept renovation.

The Capitol had a propitious beginning in 1793 when President George Washington and Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson personally supervised its design; Washington pronounced himself delighted with its "grandeur, simplicity and beauty." After its burning in 1814 it was rebuilt by two great architects, Benjamin Latrobe and Charles Bulfinch, and today at least five million tourists each year get a thrill from the same grandeur that pleased Washington. But its foundations, never fully

repaired, are now crumbling ominously.

Scarcely less ominous are the rescue plans. The official Capitol "architect," J. George Stewart, wants to rebuild not only the foundations but the whole western facade at a cost of over \$24 million. Although the designs are unavailable, Stewart, a onetime Delaware congressman and not an architect, intends to rip off the original portico and push back the two broad stairways to the rotunda. In the past, he has proposed replacing them with an 800-seat tourist cafeteria sheathed in expeditions of panoramic glass—converting Bulfinch's stately neoclassic West Front into neo-Howard Johnson. For a nonarchitect, Stewart has enormous artistic autonomy. Only Congress is allowed to judge his plans. Two weeks ago its powerful Commission for the Extension of the Capitol unanimously voted to ask the necessary funds.

A few years ago, Stewart was able to ram through a similar extension of the Capitol's East Front over what ARCHITECT-

TURAL FORUM called "the collective dead body of the American architectural profession." On his side were his esthetically illiterate congressional friends and vast reaches of public apathy. Since then respect for history and for beauty may have become more popular. We hope so. The Johnson beautification campaign has brought heavy supporting mail.

Moreover an anti-Stewart movement has taken shape right in Congress, led by Senators Young and Lausche of Ohio and Douglas of Illinois. Young last month made a slashing attack on the extravagance and mediocrity of the Stewart-supervised Rayburn House Office Building (*LIFE*, Washington Report, July 2). Denouncing the incumbent as unqualified, Young called on President Johnson to appoint an "able and experienced architect" to replace Stewart. He is right. The job is a presidential responsibility. If Washington and Jefferson could tell good architecture from bad, why not Johnson?

*Brighten up
your taste!*

KENT
CIGARETTES
THE
WORLD'S FINEST CIGARETTE
KING SIZE

**Light up a Kent...you've got a good
thing going. Good taste from good
tobaccos through the Kent filter.**

KENT...THE ONE CIGARETTE FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES

© 1965 R. L. Lillard Co.

This One



RB6G-C49-LADO



LATEST EDITION

The Daily

VOL. CXIV—No. 24682

RITZ QUIET ON TASTE ISSUE

Other Flavors Sing Out



Go ahead, be subtle with the flavors of your dips. Prepare the most delicate tasting canapés and hors d'oeuvres. But serve them with Ritz Crackers. Because Ritz have a quiet taste that lets flavors come through. Ritz never fight other flavors. That's why even the simplest dip goes deliciously with Ritz Crackers.

Ritz don't quit on you either, or go limp half way through a party. They stay crisp and flaky. Don't wilt in the heat. Get Ritz Crackers, they're just about the best thing that could happen to your summer entertaining.

"RITZ" is a registered trade mark of National Biscuit Company



Corn relish (corn kernels, pimiento, green pepper, onion).



Plain Ritz, so crisp.



Cream cheese, cranberry jelly cubes.



Sour cream with grated carrots and chopped raisins.



Carrot curl around green pepper strip.



Crunchy Ritz, so good by itself!



Tomato slices on mayonnaise.



Hard-cooked egg white ring filled with deviled egg.



Mushroom topped with Russian dressing.



Have another Ritz!



Cream cheese with radish slices.



Cucumber slice with pimiento center.



Lemon Cress Spread
½ cup butter or margarine
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup chopped watercress



Tomato Spread
½ cup butter or margarine
1 tbsp. tomato paste
¼ tsp. basil leaves
¼ tsp. oregano leaves
½ tsp. garlic powder



Garlic Spread
½ cup butter or margarine
1 small clove garlic, crushed



Smoked Salmon Spread
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tbsp. minced smoked salmon
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
Freshly ground black pepper

Snack Times

WEATHER REPORT

Fair and hot today,
partly cloudy tonight.
Fair and hot tomorrow,
temperature range 90-95,
humidity: high.

© NABISCO 1985

RITZ Crackers Conquer Heat Wave



Prune stuffed with
cream cheese.



Honeydew melon
wrapped with
prosciutto.



Have another Ritz
Cracker for
good measure.



Petaled cucumber
slice topped with
watermelon ball.



Mayonnaise topped
with frosted grape.



Munch a Ritz Cracker,
so good.



Pitted ripe olive halves
stuffed with cream cheese
rosette, topped with
pimiento bit.



Mayonnaise with small
lobster claw.



Sour cream with dot of
mint jelly.

RITZ REFUSE TO WILT



Sardine with tiny
lemon wedges.



Mayonnaise with
asparagus tip wrapped
with pimiento strip
(barber pole fashion).



American cheese slice
topped with sliced
stuffed olives.



Ritz Crackers stand alone,
crisp to the end!

It's No Picnic Without RITZ



Frankfurter relish
with sliced franks.



Crisp 'n' plain
Ritz Crackers



Shrimp with dill sprig.



Chunk of Cheddar
cheese.



Green pepper and
pimiento squares.



Slice of cold steak.



Cream cheese and olive.



Ritz Crackers alone,
in good taste!

Arthur Godfrey Time / CBS Radio

Arthur Godfrey tells how Sun-Proof® Latex House Paint does away with priming, yet does you proud

"I'm all for anything that cuts down work," said Arthur Godfrey on his CBS Radio Show, recently, "and, believe me, that's just what new Pittsburgh SUN-PROOF Latex House Paint does! When the surface you're putting it on is sound, you don't need a primer coat at all. So if you use SUN-PROOF Latex instead of ordinary house paint, you save all that work of putting on a primer. You cut your time, work and paint costs practically in half!

"Pittsburgh SUN-PROOF Latex goes on a lot easier, too, and you can even paint over

damp surfaces. So there's no need to wait for the morning dew to dry, or worry about your job being 'called on account of rain.' You don't have to worry about bugs or dust spoiling your job, either, because SUN-PROOF dries in 30 minutes to a beautiful lap-free finish. Use Pittsburgh SUN-PROOF Latex when you paint.

"Get a free 1965 Home Decorating Ideas Color Book from your Pittsburgh Paints Retailer, too. And ask about the new PPG *Decorating Guide*, which takes the guesswork out of your interior color-planning!"

Listen to Arthur Godfrey Time—CBS Radio Network



To keep your home looking just painted years longer, paint it with Pittsburgh SUN-PROOF Latex. This great house paint has remarkable resistance to blistering, peeling, fading and discoloring.

Choose from hundreds of the very latest fashion-right colors at your Pittsburgh Paints Retailer's, where you get expert advice on any painting problem. Just say Arthur Godfrey sent you.



New free booklet helps you do a great exterior painting job with SUN-PROOF Latex House Paint. Ask your Pittsburgh Paints Retailer for a copy of *Do's and Don'ts for Do-It-Yourself Painters*.

PITTSBURGH® PAINTS

PAINTS • GLASS • CHEMICALS • BRUSHES • PLASTICS • FIBER GLASS
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY
IN CANADA: CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Look how many ways Good Drivers save extra money with Allstate Auto Insurance

You may qualify for 2,3,4...maybe even 5



- 1 Good Driver Rating.** Allstate has special low rates for Good Drivers. If you qualify (and eight out of 10 drivers do), you may save money with Allstate. And then, Allstate has even more ways to help you save extra money.



- 2 Young Married Rating.** An extra savings for Good Drivers. To qualify, you need a wife... a Good Driving record... a driver's license that says you're between 21 and 25 years old. And then, you pay Allstate up to 40% less than the young Good Drivers who aren't married. Aren't wives wonderful?



- 3 Driver Training Discount.** Another extra savings for Good Drivers. Allstate knows that male teenagers who've completed approved Driver Training Courses have fewer accidents. So, Allstate gives a 15% Young Driver Discount. Have your teenagers completed the course? Then you may save some more extra money.



- 4 2-Car Discount.** Another extra savings for Good Drivers. If you own two or more cars, and you insure them with Allstate, you may get substantial savings on your liability and collision insurance. This extra applies to every car.



- 5 Compact Car Discount.** Another extra savings for Good Drivers. If you drive a smaller car, why shouldn't you pay smaller insurance rates? With Allstate you do. Allstate has special lower liability rates for most compacts. If you own one, you may save some extra money.



- 6 Low Mileage Rating.** Another extra savings for Good Drivers. Allstate fits your rates to how many miles your car is driven. So, if you drive less than the average Allstate policyholder, save more extra money with Allstate.



- 7 Auto Finance Plan.** Another extra savings. You may save \$100-\$150 or even more when you buy a new or used car—by arranging low financing rates through a cooperating lending institution, along with Allstate's low insurance rates.

IMPORTANT: Saving extra money is just one of many reasons why 6 million car drivers have Allstate auto insurance.

True, most people switch to Allstate to save. But extra service is why so many people stay with Allstate.

Talk to an Allstate Agent soon. At Sears, a neighborhood Allstate office, or in your home. Allstate Insurance Companies

Most of Allstate's extra savings and discounts are available, to those who qualify, in almost all states.

You're in good hands with Allstate®

Founded by Sears



A Combative Life Devoted to Ridiculing Unreality

FAIR FIGHTS AND FOUL, A Dissembling Lawyer's Life
by THURMAN ARNOLD (Harcourt, Brace & World) \$5.95



Bites?

Help heal the hurt with the new Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream—the long-lasting antiseptic that helps fight infection, soothe the hurt, promote healing. Every minor skin break, from scrapes to scratches, from cuts to bites, needs Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream.

Johnson & Johnson

In gait, cigar and style, Thurman Arnold looks like a leathery rowboy in a Remington painting, the student days at Princeton and Harvard and his years in the east as Yale professor, government trust-buster, judge and lawyer. He is not, however, a cracker-barrel philosopher, but a shrewd and perceptive social critic in the tradition of Thorstein Veblen—much funnier than Veblen, and much more the man of action.

Arnold has many important and attractive qualities, including a low tolerance of injustice. But the most distinctive feature of his mind is a Third Eye that permits him to see contradictions and absurdities concealed from most of us by veils of pomp. When the Post Office was trying to suppress *Playboy*, for example, Arnold pointed out for the defense that the magazine's mission was to demonstrate the mammalian character of American womanhood. And in paying tribute to the eloquence of Kennedy's Inaugural Address, he wondered what exactly is wrong after all with citizens asking their government to do something for them.

Fair Fights and Foul is the non-alcoholic equivalent of having lunch with Thurman Arnold. It is not a conventional autobiography, in form or content. It combines autobiographical anecdote with disquisitions on issues raised by the storms of Arnold's career. Laced with passages from some of his briefs, books and judicial opinions, it is an engaging commentary on the process through which the stern world of McKinley became the Johnsonian society that hopes to be "Great"; it also provides valuable documentation for several of the important constitutional cases in which Arnold fought for liberty. Thurman Arnold started life in Wyoming, in 1891, and he writes with feeling of "that wild semi-arid country," and its tradition of "exaggeration and individualism" which so strikingly survives in him. (He offers, for instance, a most unlikely reminiscence that he was elected mayor of Laramie on the Prohibition ticket.)

Arnold's career has been a varied one, but it has had two unifying themes: the theory and practice of the American economy, a subject which has intrigued him as a lawyer, a civil servant and professional observer, and the protection of people against outrage. This is an activity he has pursued with zest in behalf of Ezra Pound and sundry victims of the laws against obscenity, in behalf of our meekly treated public servants, and of the victims of what he calls "the Un-American activities of Government Organizations to suppress Un-American Activities."

His favorite intellectual method in dealing with these subjects—indeed with any and all subjects—is a kind of neo-anthropological rallery, identifying the myths and symbols in terms of which we perceive experience and try to deal with it.

A good example of his procedure is his chapter on the criminal trial, which, he says, is like an ancient miracle play, a reassuring symbol of public morality. The trial is not an efficient scientific way of investigating what happened, but it satisfies a deep need for the appearance of justice, and "presents the conflicting moral values of a community in a way that cannot be done by logical formalization." To illustrate this theme he discusses the case of Ezra Pound. Pound was indicted for treason, but trial was delayed while Pound was held in a mental hospital for treatment, since it violates our notion of public morality to try or to punish a man deemed legally insane. It became apparent that Pound was not going to be cured; if he had been tried, he would have insisted that America's entry into the war was indeed the result of a conspiracy between Roosevelt and the Jews, and that his broadens were designed only to save the Constitution. "From the point of view of the philosophical morality of our judicial system, it would have been an injustice to Pound to try him until psychological therapy had cured him of these delusions so that he would not have insisted on testifying against himself." The situation dragged on, an inter-

national scandal, until it was resolved by an unlikely combination of Robert Frost, Sherman Adams and Thurman Arnold, through a dazzling series of public statements and legal steps that permitted Pound to be freed without doing violence to the logic and dignity of the law, or unduly embarrassing the Court, the Attorney General, or public opinion.

The larger part of the book, recalling Arnold's *The Symbols of Government* and *The Folklore of Capitalism*, applies this refreshing approach to discussions of economic policy. Arnold traces the conflict between the emergent reality of the industrial order and the sundry myths, legends and taboos of our ideological inheritance which for so long prevented us from understanding or controlling the modern economy. In this effort Arnold's forte is not analysis but insight. If his economics is not very systematic, his ridicule is devastating. In our irrational world, perhaps ridicule is more persuasive than the drabber prose of better economists.

But Arnold's basic generosity as a human being prevails over his sardonic appreciation for the importance of stupidity and nonsense in our affairs. His book, most surprisingly, has a Happy Ending:

"I have seen the certainties of simple religious faith that gave me and others comfort prior to the First World War give way to the gross materialism of the early period between the two wars, to be in turn replaced by the despair and frustration of the Great Depression and, in the years following the Second World War, by the feeling that we were living in economic sin and that there was no health in us. This last conflict is happily on the way to being resolved, I believe, and the United States is on the verge of coming to terms with life as it must be lived in the 20th Century."

In the spirit of pious rejoicing for a doubter who has repented, we may join (alas, without conviction) in his hope that reason has at least swept aside the dragons and idiots who have so often bedeviled our destinies.

by Eugene V. Rostow
Professor of Law, Yale University

Special "Starter" Offer
Get 200 Dividend Coupons
FREE!

Good for hundreds of free gifts from new Galaxy, and from Alpine Cigarettes.

Mail to: Dividend Coupon Catalog, Dept. L-3
 Box 1111, Dayton, Ohio

Please send my free 200-Coupon Certificate* plus an illustrated Dividend Coupon Gift Catalog today.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

*Yours to apply on any gift you select when accompanied by a like number of regular Dividend Coupons. Limit: one certificate per person. Offer expires December 31, 1963.



MANY GIFTS IN THE CATALOG REQUIRE
 LESS THAN 200 COUPONS

Start collecting dividends with
new Galaxy and Alpine!

You get a dividend in flavor and free gifts, too! New Galaxy gives you the flavor of pedigreed tobaccos through a charcoal tip . . . Alpine gives you brisk and bracing menthol flavor. Now both these great tasting cigarettes have Dividend Coupons! Choose from fun gifts, exotic gifts, over 500 gifts from puppies to percolators. Mail the coupon above—get a fast start toward free gifts!



Galaxy gives you a charcoal tip...Alpine gives you brisk menthol flavor. Both give you Dividend Coupons—cut on each pack...4 extra in the carton



**NOW,
JUST TOUCH 'N TUNE!**

BYE-BYE DIALING.
FINGER-TIP TUNING IS HERE!
Just press the lever and Whirr... the dial goes 'round and 'round... the Auto Tuner seeks out your station and locks it in. 10 powerful transistors. Full-throated speaker. Yet no bigger than a paperback.

Radar Matic, the most fun portable you can buy. All this for only \$44.95. It's another winner from Matsushita Electric—world's most experienced builder of radios. Japan's largest, most respected manufacturer of electronic and electrical home appliances.

Try Panasonic's double-life Hi-top batteries.



MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC / JAPAN

USA OFFICE: Pan-Am Building, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

A Witless Junket to Too-Muchville

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?
with Peter Sellers and Peter O'Toole

What's new pussycat? I'll tell you what's new. Nothing's sacred anymore, that's what's new. Everything's got to be inay, funsy, hippy, zippy and, as one of our currently fashionable journalistic word-weavers would have it, everything's got to go Biff, Bam, Pow, Woosh and Zonk. What's happening man? It's happening man. Watch numnumt leboosoon.

This outburst of nouns is occasioned by a star-filled, expensive, vulgar noomovie called *What's New Pussycat?* It is a witless attempt to cash in on the spirit of Camp which now blights our land. Camp, in case you have been wandering in the wilderness lately, has been defined as the esthetic view that something is good precisely because it is awful. But as Miss Susan Sontag, the pioneering lexicographer of Camp, puts it, "One must distinguish between naive and deliberate Camp. Pure Camp is always naive. Camp which knows itself to be Camp is 'camping' which is usually less satisfying."

You said it, lady. *Pussycat* was written by Woody Allen, our leading neurotic comedian, who also appears in it. He faithfully follows one of the cult's favorite sub-notions, which is that it is wonderful fun to resurrect the almost-forgotten, just-too-much popular styles of other eras. What he has chosen to do over in the latest decorator robes is the old French bedroom farce. Peter O'Toole, who plays each scene as if he has just been violently ill off camera, is a fashion editor (what else?) afflicted with atyrisis. His problem is that, try as he may, he cannot avoid nymphomanias. Peter Sellers is his analyst, more eager to join him than to cure him. No plot whatever develops out of this situation—just more situations, each less logical and connected than the last, until the whole thing collapses into a lengthy unmotivated chase of exorcising ineptitude.

Being very, very hip, Mr. Allen has heard that the sex impulse is only the reverse of the death wish, so he stirs in some Freudiana about that, too.

That is the first strike against Pus-

syvat. It knows too much. But on another level, it knows too little. It labors under the impression that speed is the essence of screen comedy. Its makers have obviously appreciated the works of such masters as the Marx Brothers. Who hasn't? But what they missed therein was the relentless internal logic, the compulsive concern for sticking to the truth of the basic characterizations that was the real strength of the old-timers. When they engaged in a chase, they chased for something, they did not run aimlessly around, hoping to stumble on the reason for their activity while it proceeded.

Pussycat has no internal rationale or logic. It wants only to be externally fashionable. Although it would like to be the *Dr. Strangelove* of Sex, it merely ends up resembling nothing so much as an awful home movie in which a hopelessly indulgent father (or father-figure?) has allowed his camera to run and run, while his smug and bratty children grow sillier and sillier, naughtier and naughtier.

At which point it precisely catches the very worst elements of the Camp spirit, which is, at bottom, an exercise in self-love and self-indulgence. Camp's only real value is to its practitioners, allowing them to demonstrate to their own satisfaction their cultural superiority to those who don't dig what they dig, to those who persist in the square notion that style is merely a tool, not an end in itself. Camp is, in the end, regressive in its self-assertiveness. It is juvenilia. Which is why, of course, those pathetically arrested people, the homosexuals, are leading Camp followers. So, *What's New Pussycat?* is, for the adult viewer, a double disaster. Not only is it Camp, it is bad, self-consciously imitative Camp. And there is, perhaps, another point worth raving. Camp as a matter of private taste—a Tiffany lamp in the living room, a collection of *Batman* comics under the bed—is a fairly innocuous matter. Who cares what they want to waste their money on? But deliberate Camp, offered in a public medium, which we are asked to pay our money to witness, is a deliberate insult. The final triumph of Camp is that moment when we masochistically put down our money at the box office window and pay for the privilege of being scorned by children. Since *What's New Pussycat?* is a big, expensive effort in this direction it may be a strategic place to begin the revolt against this latest form of cultural tyranny. Nothing could be a better corrective for Camp than a big expensive flop.

by Richard Schickel



Knowledgeable people buy Imperial.

They have a taste for Hiram Walker quality.

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 35% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

Want to see America best? See your Mobil dealer first

A family restaurant or a thrill-filled rodeo. The trained Mobil dealer can help you find either — and aid you in dozens of other ways, too. He's trained to take the guesswork out of travel.

Let Mobil Be Your Travel Guide.

Thousands of Mobil dealers attend a special class to help them take the guesswork out of travel. Here's what they can do for you:

1. Be Your One-Man Travel Center

The Mobil dealer can help plan your trip. With the new Mobil Travel Guide, he can give you:

- Accurate, frank 1-to-5-star QUALITY RATINGS on over 20,000 hotels, motels and restaurants — plus facts on prices, service and best values.
- Latest information on places to visit — museums, historical sites, state and national parks all over the country.
- Hard-to-get facts about baby sitters, laundry service, tours, picnic spots, even facilities for children and pets.



The Mobil Travel Guide comes in 7 regional editions: Northeast, Southeast, Middle Atlantic, Great Lakes, Northwest and Great Plains, Calif. and the West, and Southwest and South Central states. If dealer is out of stock, send check or money order (\$1.50 per Guide) to: Mobil Travel Service, P.O. Box 3324, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 25¢ per Guide for postage. Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

*Suggested retail price



"Frontier Days" in Cheyenne...thrilling rodeos, parades, carnivals, square dancing. Some of the many vacation attractions you can see the easy way, with the help of your Mobil dealer and the Mobil Travel Guide.

The 1965 Mobil Travel Guide comes in 7 completely new regional editions covering 48 states. Copies are on sale for \$1.50* at most Mobil dealers.

Every Guide has valuable reduced-rate admission tickets to many top vacation attractions. For example: you can save from 25¢ to 50¢ at Rockefeller Center in New York City, the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Mich., and on Gray Line Sight-seeing Tours.

Wherever you travel, look for hotels, motels and restaurants displaying the "Rated—1965 Mobil Travel Guide" sign.

2. Local Travel Information

The Mobil dealer knows his area: points of interest, places of worship, recreation areas,

trailer parks — and can give you emergency information as well. It's all part of his special training.

Many dealers have for your use an exclusive 128-page Travel Directory, containing up-to-date sources of local travel literature about camping, fishing and vacation activities.

3. Reliable Mobil Maps

The Mobil dealer can provide you with reliable, easy-to-read Mobil maps...and help plan your trip in advance by ordering specially marked maps showing the best fast or scenic route to your destination.

4. Quality Products for your Car

Long vacation miles make your car work extra hard. The Mobil dealer has quality products to keep it running smoothly—including Mobil Premium...High Energy Gasoline.

5. Charge it with a Mobil Credit Card

Need gasoline, oil, tires, a new battery or a lubrication? With a Mobil Credit Card, you can say "charge it" to any Mobil dealer from coast to coast. Mobil tires and batteries may be purchased on convenient extended terms.

For good advice...and good products...
depend on your Mobil dealer



•Best place in Cheyenne to stay with a family? A Mobil dealer helps Mr. E. Hartley of Denver find out in advance.



Max Factor creates Haute Colour!

a palette of powders that gives a radiance impossible with one flat shade (new proof that a woman is a work of art)

With a quartet of colors and a soft little brush, Max Factor makes usual powders seem primitive (and powder-puffs obsolete)! No single shade could give the light-softened beauty of color-on-color. Just stroke across the palette for a sensational soft glow. Or, you can contour, cool or warm your complexion, play up your best features (subdue the others). Fluff over make-up or use alone. Max Factor calls the new artistry Haute Colour. It creates the most beautiful self-portrait you ever owned!



HAUTE COLOUR BY MAX FACTOR
a palette of pressed powders, complete with telescopic brush

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ARAB-ISRAELI DISPUTE

Sirs:
So Israel has become the heavy in today's drama ("An Ancient Hatred Builds toward War," June 18). George de Carvalho's article was so biased I was shocked that your supposedly impartial magazine would print it. I cannot understand why this plucky tiny country, with the blood, sweat and tears it shed to maintain itself, still has to apologize for its existence.

MURIEL AARONSON
Rego Park, N.Y.

Sirs:
Your fascinating article has almost convinced me those damned Jews are:
1. *Callous* (imagine, being indifferent to the Palestine refugees, while the deeply concerned Arab leaders have barely lifted a finger in 17 years to aid their own displaced people)
2. *Greedily* (imagine, diverting some of the Jordan River that was going to water away and being troubled now because the Arabs would like only to have it all)
3. *Dangerous* (imagine, arming 2.5 million people and maintaining such a large armed force, while those harassed and beleaguered 100 million Arabs are compelled to defend themselves with their thousands of planes and tanks)
4. *Sinister* (imagine, not accepting a U.N. resolution, while those pliable Arabs who so willingly accepted the U.N.'s creation of Israel).

MELVIN WEBER
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:
I was particularly amused to hear the Arabs compare Israel "the neighborhood bully" of the Middle East and that, as a U.N. observer put it, "when the Arabs do something wrong, it's usually stealing a sheep or picking fruit in Israel." I had the opportunity last summer to work in Israel and to witness some of these harmless and mischievous acts. Once while I was visiting some friends at a kibbutz in the Jordan Valley, an Israeli was shot dead by a sniper and another wounded while working in a field in Israeli territory.
JOEL C. GOLDMAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:
It did my heart good to read your well-rounded report on the troublesome Arab-Israeli conflict. The American press usually treats Israel and Zionism like sacred cows, and it is a rare

study that gives both sides of the issues. Kudos to you for letting in some light on an emotionally charged controversy.
ROBERT HAYS GRIES
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:
I have been following this situation for a good many years and this is the most objective article I have read in a national publication. You are to be commended for seeing both sides.
HENRY S. MOYER
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:
It is not true that Israel is "draining off water that would otherwise be shared with Jordan." No mention is made of the fact that Israel is following the concept of the Johnston plan from 1955 by Special Ambassador Eric Johnston. The plan incidentally is also being followed by Jordan.
LUI MILLER, RAMON
Baltimore, Md.

► The Unified Water Plan, which allotted Jordan, Lebanon and Syria 60% of the Jordan River system and 40% to Israel, was agreed to by Israel and by technical experts of the Arab states but was turned down by the Arab League. Since then, however, Israel and Jordan have proceeded with their own water projects which divert water from the Jordan River system within the limits of the allocations in the Unified Water Plan.—ED.

Sirs:
Regarding the Arab refugee problem, De Carvalho fails to point out that the Arabs left Palestine on the advice of their leaders. The Arab hierarchy believed that after the destruction of the newly created state, the refugees could return to "their" land and have all of it. The Israeli government bade the Arabs not to leave, and those who remained were granted full Israeli citizenship. The Arab world now believes that the refugees have rightful title to the oasis which, when they left it voluntarily, was a desert.
NORMAN LETOW
New York, N.Y.

PRESIDENCY 1964
Sirs:
I thought nothing could surpass the political masterpiece *The Making of the*

President 1960. However, after reading excerpts from his new book, I think Theodore White has broken his own record (June 18).
LAURA A. HEDGECOCK
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:
We think your article was tops. However, we think the press and publishing houses are acting just short of obnoxious by constantly twisting our President about his personal habits. I'd like to know of any good Americans who don't have a touch of vanity. We like the President just the way he is.
Mrs. R. J. URBANEK
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:
After reading your article one might think that L.B.J. was a meek little lamb and kind to all. What a laugh! Just because you happen to be so pro liberal does not mean that you cannot look at the weak side of Mr. Johnson instead of continually praising his attributes, which are few.

C. WAYNE PRICK
Chester, Ill.

WALK IN THE COSMOS

Sirs:
The color pictures in L. Coloned White's walk in space were enchantingly beautiful (June 18) and the articles written in tribute to both of these courageous men were wonderful.

WILLIAM DORSEY
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:
Your presentation in pictures and text of the Gemini 4 mission was exceptionally good—particularly your coverage of the ground support network activities that took place during the Astronauts' flight, and the tribute paid to Flight Director Chris Kraft.
SUSAN M. NEVINS
Glendale, Calif.

LIFE REVIEW

Sirs:
I have visited Lake Tahoe, as Secretary Udall requests in his article, "Now Look Here, Voyager" (June 18), and found the lake down 10 feet from water drawn off by the people of Reno, and gambling houses and penny arcades. I have visited the mountains of every state west of the Rockies and found the roads littered with beer cans and refuse. I have visited the theater on Broad-

way and felt the ominous, sinister threat of New York at night as I walked the 10 blocks back to my hotel. I have traveled the roads of 28 states and found them bedeviled by constant snakes advertising.
Visit America first? First I suggest we make America visitable.

CHRISTOPHER KNOPP
Encino, Calif.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Sirs:
Thank you for more free advertising for the John Birch Society ("Birchers Settle In," June 18). By your efforts I became a staunch supporter of Barry Goldwater and a proud member of the John Birch Society. We can always count on LIFE for a membership boost. The yardstick for measuring effectiveness is by how much one is smeared.

SALLY MARTENS
Grayslake, Ill.

EDITORIAL

Upon reading your editorial, "A Warning to Cool the Boom, Not Kill It" (June 18), I found myself surprised that you condone the Martin speech on dangers in the present boom.

Hast' the ghost of the Depression haunted our country long enough? It seems that every time our economy rolls along for an extended period of time, editors and economists start yelling, "Remember the crash!"

There has been such a structural change in our economy since 1929 that to find any similarities, disquieting or otherwise, would require the wildest stretching of the imagination.

RICHARD E. JONES
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:
I would like to commend you on your editorial. I am relieved to see that somebody can still speak a truthful mind without being called an extremist or asked to resign by L.B.J. Mr. Martin was obviously only trying to keep us alert, as your editorial put it so well. The Johnson administration, like any other, needs constructive criticism to keep our country healthy. We seem to have been drifting toward an almost dictatorial type of government in Washington. I hope men like William Martin Jr. continue to speak out rationally and change this trend.

KENNETH M. STEGALL
Essexville, Mich.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

A Thousand Days

First of the Kennedy inner circle to write of President John F. Kennedy by **ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.**
Pulitzer Prize-winning historian

PART 1: JULY 16 The Man, the Candidate, the New President—tender and intimate recollections of Kennedy's family life; how he grew, found his identity and prepared himself for the Presidency; his preoccupation with death and with the possibility of dying young

PART 2: JULY 23 The Bay of Pigs—the drama of decision in the highest councils of the White House: how the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the C.I.A. underestimated Castro; how Kennedy assessed the situation; why he gave the fateful go-ahead and how he reacted to defeat

► **TO WRITE LIFE** about your subscription—change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, renewal—address: LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, 340 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

2—When writing us about your subscription, clip or paste your present LIFE address label here. This will help us identify you quickly and accurately.

3—**TO CHANGE ADDRESS:** When you are moving please give us five weeks' notice. Attach your present LIFE address label in this space at left, print your new address and ZIP code number here and mail both to LIFE Subscription Service at address given at left.

Name _____
New address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

4—**TO ENTER A NEW SUBSCRIPTION:** Check box at right and use form above for your address. Subscription rate: 1 year, \$7.75; in Canada, \$8.75.

☐

We can show you 5 of the 6 reasons our shaver costs a bit more.



348 sharp cutting edges. Stay sharp because they're honed from surgical high-carbon steel.



Hidden under the head case, a straight-edge for clean, even sideburns. Smart.



Most powerful motor in shaving. Drives the cutters at over 9,000 rpm. It'll never be a drag.



Big shaver head. Slightly contoured to fit your face. Filled with 756 slots. You'll be surprised how much area you'll cover in a few easy sweeps.



These 4 Roller Combs are spaced over the slots. Their job is to keep everything gliding over your face. They do a great job.



The 6th is invisible.

Freedom. The REMINGTON® LEXTRONIC II Shaver is cordless. Runs on built-in rechargeable energy cells. Shave upstairs. Downstairs. On the stairs. (Also works with a cord, if you forget to recharge.)

Freedom alone would make the LEXTRONIC II worth more. The other 5 parts? Strictly bonus.

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVERS • SPOONER RAND CORPORATION
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY



MODEL RD108

**Put it there...
and feel a really cool blast from G.E.'s
giant-capacity air conditioner.**

Hold up your hand and feel it for yourself—the strong air thrust of this G-E Superline. It's powerful enough to cool up to five rooms—and keep them cool. And even on the hottest, most humid day, one of these giant-capacity General Electric air conditioners will make the air you live in crisp, dry, truly comfortable.

General Electric quality—17 different models and sizes. For example: Model RD108 (shown above) has a capacity of 23,000 B.T.U./Hr., moves air at 570 cubic feet per minute and can remove up to 24 gallons of moisture a day.

See your General Electric dealer now.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86



Today's bright moderns know that *real* bourbon flavor—the genuine article—just has to be old-fashioned. What else could give you traditional taste that's so richly rewarding? And what could be more modern than to enjoy the best that time has to offer—today's old-fashioned Old Taylor. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.

Intern's year —the making of Dr. X

When I was 12 years old, I was taken to the office of our family doctor to be treated for an ailment whose symptoms seemed to add up to a small case of gripe. After the doctor had looked me over, presented me with the used tongue depressor and pronounced me not particularly sick, he asked what I thought was the matter with me.

At the time I had just finished reading a book by that famed popularizer of dread diseases, Paul de Kruif, and was on the alert for the beginning symptoms for a lot of terrible things. "Infantile paralysis," I replied ambitiously, not quite sure that I hadn't got those signs mixed up with the indications for yellow fever. The doctor laughed and my mother took me home. A few days later I came down with polio, a mild case in which I was pretty ill for about three weeks but suffered no aftereffects. The most memorable thing about the whole episode was my diagnostic coup, and I have been willing and eager ever since to make piercing spot diagnoses at the drop of a complaint by anyone, including myself.

There's a book just out called *Intern* (Harper & Row, \$5.95) which I think will prove to be the juiciest source manual for the unformed medical amateur since De Kruif. Its author is a physician dubbed "Doctor X" by his publishers, and the book is a chronological account of the author's year as an intern in a private hospital in a southwestern city. Now in general practice in the suburbs of the same city, Dr. X produced this book from tape recordings he made during that frenetic year. Its style is unpretentious Young Doctor, clear but crude, and through its 400 pages staggers a huge assortment of patients and physicians, diseases and deaths. It is definitely not a book for people who can't stand blood, with which it is awash. For those who can take some gore with their summer reading, it is an utterly plausible, horrifying and somehow moving document.

It is likely that as *Intern* achieves notoriety, a fair amount of comment

will be made about the "shocking" medical areas on which it touches. Gross malpractice, euthanasia, sadism, all cropped up in the course of Dr. X's first year out of medical school. But far more fascinating to me is the portrayal of the dirty routine of everyday life in the hospital with its exhausting blend of failure and success, brilliance and bad judgment, cowardice, panic and pure courage. In its relentless parade of case histories no doctor—from the arrogant surgeons to the fumbling interns—is safe from the possibility of his own, instant, lethal error or a piece of grotesque bad luck. I could not find Richard Boone, Sam Jaffe or Lionel Barrymore anywhere, and Dr. X himself is wrong often enough to make me flinch practically every time he plugs in his stethoscope. Nurses, too, including one addict who gets her drug supply by stealing it from doses meant for patients, are treated with no Nightingale reverence in this book. By Dr. X's account, there is little love lost between the sexes in a hospital's rubber-soled society.

But the book is really the account of the development of a doctor through constant, harrowing action. In his beginning days as an intern Dr. X is so raw and terrified in an emergency that a nurse must tell him what to do. As time passes and he moves from medicine to obstetrics to surgery to pediatrics and back to medicine again, he gains slowly in confidence and experience. The older doctors gradually come to trust him, and he is allowed to act more and more independently. (According to Dr. X, such delegation of responsibility comes very hard for some senior men. After he had turned one operation over to a thoroughly competent assistant, the chief surgeon of the hospital sat on a stool with his back to the proceedings and shook visibly until the operation was successfully finished.) From this brutal initiation the young man learns much and he learns in dreadful ways that he will never learn enough. Near the end of *Intern* Dr. X tells of the sudden death of a little boy who has been a patient in the hospital for some time. X and another doctor decide that it would be better not to tell the parents this over the long distance telephone and instead advise them first that the child is worse and they should

come to the hospital. On the way, the parents are killed in an automobile accident.

When I met the doctor last week, he didn't look at all like a man named X to me. In fact, he looked quite pleasant and unmythical, a man somewhere in his middle 30s, and through our brief talk he sipped Irish whisky. In New York for a few days to help promote the sale of his book, he was scheduled to appear on a television show where his identity would be protected in a surgical cap, gown and mask. Dr. X told me that he had also masked the identities of the people who appear in the book by changing their names, physical appearance and in numerous cases their sex. Dr. X also said that he had only tapped what he considered the most interesting highlights of his internship and that the book was a further distillate of that.

The conversation turned to the subject of diagnosis, and I suggested that details in his book might lead a lot of patients to arrive for treatment with advice for the doctor. Dr. X grinned. "Oh, oh," he said, "the patient-diagnostician. We don't like him much." Then he turned more serious. "You know," he continued, "diagnosis is the hardest thing about it. The indications can be very hard to spot."

Of course, he's right, but that fact doesn't discourage us amateurs. Take the Klein girl, for example, who came in to Dr. X's hospital saying her neck and eyes and cheeks hurt. Dr. X felt from the start her temperature was "too low for a meningitis." He kept thinking about polio and took a spinal tap and the fluid was clear. Then later she bit the thermometer in half and her jaw went into spasm when he tapped her cheek with his finger. He began to see it then. When he asked the child's father if she'd hurt herself in any way recently, he mentioned that she'd cut herself on a nail in the yard a week or so earlier. X writes: "I got out of that room and onto the phone and called Pfeiffer out of bed and said: 'Roger, you'd better take another look at this little Klein girl right now, because I think she's got tetanus.'"

Right with him every step of the way, I had just arrived at that conclusion myself and I'm glad to report we were able to save the child.



A SIGHT FEW HAVE SEEN

LIFE

Vol. 59, No. 2 July 9, 1965



FIRE ALOFT. This was the horrifying spectacle that passengers saw from the windows of a Pan American 707 jet just after take-off last week from San Francisco. Seconds earlier the plane's outer starboard engine had caught fire and plunged to earth. In this extraordinary picture taken by passenger James Krick of Womelsdorf, Pa. the fuel-laden outer section of the wing is ablaze. A moment later it, too, broke away. Astonishingly, no one was injured by the hail of debris onto the busy suburb below. And almost miraculously, Flight 843, coming in on a wing and a half, landed safely with 153 souls.

AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT

THE FLAMING AIRLINER STREAKS TO A LANDING

By every reasonable law of probability the remarkable aerial pictures on these pages should still be in the camera and the camera should be splattered on a brown hillside somewhere south of San Francisco, or in the Pacific Ocean. But the photographer and 152 other people aboard Pan American Flight 843 survived—because of the heroism, skill and, heaven knows, the luck of the pilot.

The plane, a Boeing 707 jet airliner bound for Honolulu and Manila, took off from San Francisco at 2:11 last Monday afternoon, and headed for the gap in the San Bruno hills which fliers call "the slot." Within two minutes Pilot Charles Kimes took the plane easily to an altitude of about 700 feet. Suddenly the outside engine on the starboard wing burst into flames. Seconds later the end of the wing was ablaze. Then, before most of the passengers realized what was happening, the engine plummeted to the ground, followed moments later by a 28-foot section of the wing.

The plane jerked to the right, but Kimes steadied it and flew on through the slot and out over the Pacific Ocean. Passengers, on orders from the crew, removed their

shoes, strapped on life jackets and clutched their ankles with their hands. Kimes banked toward the northeast and told the passengers that he was aiming for Travis Air Force Base, 10 minutes and 50 miles away, where there was an 11,000-foot runway and plenty of emergency equipment. He kept up a constant reassuring patter on the intercom as he struggled to keep the portside engines from flipping his plane over. The passengers remained calm, and at least two of them, including one whose pictures are shown here, were busy with cameras when it was by no means certain that anyone would ever see the photographic record. Another turned on his tape recorder, to let it pick up what it might.

Almost at Travis, Kimes got another jolt. His right landing gear didn't work. Two crewmen had to crank the gear down by hand. At 2:35 he brought the plane down in a landing which Air Force officers described as "just beautiful."

On the ground and safely out, the passengers gave their captain and crew a grateful round of applause. They were put aboard another plane—all save nine, who decided that they didn't want to go to Hawaii this summer after all.





TOPSIDE AND BELOW. Passenger Krick had shot up most of a roll of film before departure. His camera on his lap, he listened to the stewardess

give the routine emergency instructions. Midway through the lecture he heard someone shout, "The wing's on fire!" Almost as a reflex action he

picked up his camera and took the picture above as the sheet of flame spread. At about the same time, TWA flight engineer Ernest Barter stopped

his car on Bayshore Freeway and took the photographs at left and below, showing the 707 trailing fire and smoke as it heads out over the ocean.





THE CREW. Pilot Charles Kimes is flanked by seven of the nine other crew members (*above*) in this photo-

graph taken by passenger Larry Guth after the crippled 707 made a smooth landing at Travis Air Force Base.

THE FALLEN ENGINE. The plane's hurtling jet engine (*below*) sheared through the concrete wall of a cabinet

shop (*on right*) in San Bruno, Calif., missing workmen by only 15 feet and ending up in two pieces in this alley.



THOSE ABOARD RELIVE THE FLIGHT

In San Francisco, TIME-LIFE Correspondent John Merklin interviewed Captain Charles Kimes and filed the following report on what went on in the cockpit of Flight 843:

"A severe shudder shook the plane." That is how Kimes recalls the start of it all. Then came the muffled sound of an explosion. "We've lost the power on number four," said Flight Engineer Fitch Robertson, hunched over his instruments behind the pilots.

A split second later the plane yawed savagely to the right. Simultaneously came a fire alarm—a strident bell ringing steadily and a flashing red light in the top center of the instrument panel. First Officer Fred Miller reached forward and pressed a button, triggering chemical extinguisher bottles around number four engine. Then Miller looked out the window to see what was happening. It was a sight that few men had seen and lived to tell about. The wing tip was engulfed in a plume of white-hot fire that curled upward. The engine and its mounting were spitting fragments of molten metal.

The seconds ticked by and still the fire signal flashed. The chemical bottles had failed. Any instant the brimming main wing tanks could blow, consuming the plane in fiery horror. The plane kept lurching to right and left and up and down. Kimes fought the controls. He was not to learn until later how desperately critical the situation had become. The whimsical yawing was caused by the fact that the right wing tip was gradually disintegrating, repeatedly altering the airfoil and thus the plane's aerodynamics. As a Boeing official marveled, theoretically the plane should have crashed.

Kimes and Miller were aware that part of the wing probably had been lost but they were unable to see the damage. They did not even know that the outboard engine had fallen off. From his left-hand seat, Kimes could see nothing at all. Miller's view was blocked by the inboard engine. The damage, of course, was dismayingly visible to the passengers, but Kimes was too busy to ask for a report and nobody thought to volunteer one.

As the plane careened up through the "slot," stream-gage black smoke against the sky, Kimes's control was so marginal that his initial thought was to try to ditch in the Pacific. Second Officer Max Webb asked for permission to instruct the passengers to put on life jackets, which Kimes immediately granted. "I was grateful for that," Kimes said later, "and crossed myself for not thinking of it."

By the time the plane had crossed the coastline the disintegration had stopped and Kimes, using the rudder and left aileron trim tabs to counter a persistent yaw to the right, was able to achieve a degree of stability. He still had to wrestle with the controls, with considerable physical effort throughout the rest of the flight, but

this was no longer a primary problem.

What to do next? The plane had been in the air only five or six minutes and was now flying at about 1,200 feet. Kimes was urgently unsure about what he prosaically calls "the integrity of the remaining wing."

J.e., whether it too would shortly collapse. He decided not to ditch, but to try to make it to Travis Air Force Base.

Now for the first time Kimes took a moment to talk to the passengers—"I waited until I was fairly sure we could stay in the air." He maintained about 1,200 feet altitude and he flew as slowly as he dared, about 200 knots, to minimize strain on the wing. As the plane approached Travis, Kimes discovered the failure of the hydraulic system that lowers the landing gear. He was now down to only a couple of hundred feet. While Webb hand-cranked the gear down, Engineer Robertson crawled through a hatch in the floor of the cockpit into the hold where he inserted a pin to keep the nose wheel from collapsing on landing.

On his approach there came a final unexpected hazard. Snuck off the end of the runway, right in his glide path, he saw a "dust devil" whirlwind which would create a perilous turbulence if he tried to fly through. He had just enough room to go around it and get back on course. At 2:35, after exactly 24 minutes in the air, he made his perfect touchdown.



THE PILOT. Captain Kimes, who was awarded an FAA citation, tells how he brought the plane in safely.

Interviewed by LIFE correspondents, seven of the passengers recalled their harrowing journey:

JORGE RIVERA

"Just a few seconds after the bump of the landing-gear retraction there was a second bump, but I didn't think anything of it. Air pockets, things like that, often happen. About a tenth of a second later, I saw a reflection in the cabin, a yellowish, shaking kind of a thing. I looked outside and saw the wing on fire. I didn't see the engine so I guess it already had fallen. I was sitting next to two girls. One took the other girl's hand and said something like 'Hold on, baby, we're on fire.' I offered my hand too, trying to calm her down. I helped the girl beside me with her life jacket. Then one of the officers came by and asked me to change seats with a lady behind me. She was traveling with two children and they wanted a man by them. About this time the captain spoke over the P.A. system and said, 'We've had some minor trouble. . . . No, I shouldn't say minor.' Then everybody broke out laughing. By this time the fire was completely out, but you could still see little pieces of the wing trailing behind and falling off. The landing was nice and normal. I was scared—everybody was scared—but the two girls next to me helped me to take my mind off myself."

NANCY SWEETEN

"We were supposed to have left at

one o'clock, but that United plane we were on had some kind of mechanical trouble and so we got switched to Pan American. We joked about it, and somebody wondered what movie was playing on United. One of us said, 'Wouldn't it be funny if they were playing *The High and the Mighty* on all of the Honolulu flights?' We took off and I felt the wheels tuck under the wings, or wherever it is they go. Barb, the girl with me, grabbed my hand. I heard this big *boom*—a big sudden explosion of flame. Then a second, louder thump came and I felt a slight lurch, and the plane rolled and rocked a little. When the wing fell off, it felt as if the plane was falling out from beneath us. You could see the fragments blowing out there, just hanging on. I was sure we were going to ditch in the ocean. It was extremely quiet in the plane, almost eerie. When I landed, I got right on the nose. They had for us."

BARRY TELVETREES

"There were two engines and two behind them and two behind them. It happened during the takeoff. The earth shook. It became very quiet. It was a very strange experience."

'ONE WING WAS A BIG BLACK STUMP'

PLANE FIRE CONTINUED

plane I had no shoes on and I ripped the heck out of my hose on the asphalt and I'd chewed all my lipstick and I was soaking wet from perspiring and my first reaction was, 'All those nice-looking Air Force fellows and I have to look like this!'

LOUIS SWANSON

"My son told me the wing was on fire. I saw the fire and it would die down and flare up again. The stewardess was telling us to take our shoes off and be calm. We had trouble with the life jackets, so my wife helped one of the boys and I helped the other. I don't know why, but after the boys were all taken care of, I helped the stewardess hand out pillows."

MRS. ELOISE PARLETTE

"I didn't notice anything was wrong until I heard a voice yelling, 'Look, the wing is on fire.' The wing was blazing away. And I noticed that we were right near the Golden Gate Bridge. My first feeling was that the plane would explode. You know what our daughter said? She said, 'Am I going to die, Daddy?' But the kids thought the landing was great fun. We slid down the escape chute which was about 40 feet above the ground. I remember thinking, 'I bet those guys down there have never seen so many girdles.'"

MRS. KALED B. SCHRODER

"All at once there was a big explosion and fire and then the engine fell off. It was a big fire and kept getting larger and my children started to cry. I remember my daughter kept saying, 'Mommy, the fire is coming toward me.' Then the wing started to crumble and fall off. It looked fantastic. Pieces were burning off. They told us to put on our life jackets but not to unfasten our seat belts or leave our seats so I couldn't help my children who were separated from me by the aisle. I don't know how we kept on flying. All we had for one wing was a big black stump."

MRS. IRENE LAWLISS

"The stewardesses came around with little programs for the movie that they were going to show and we were all untangling the carphones, and the kids were given coloring books and little wings. I was sitting right at the window above the wing and I must have been one of the first people to see the flames. The man in front of me was taking movies. At one point the purser told him to put his life preserver on—so his wife took the camera and went on filming. I don't know how to swim, and I was deathly afraid we would fall in the water. I thought everybody behaved beautifully. We had a perfect landing at Travis. In fact the landing was better than the take-off, which had seemed pretty rough to me."



SOMEHOW IT STILL FLEW. Marveling that the plane made it down safely, federal investigators (*top picture*) study the ragged stub of the wing and search for the cause of the fire. Pilot

Kimes speculated that it might have been caused by a bird flying into the engine intake. Overhead view at Travis shows how much of the wing was lost. At right, fragments of met-

al stick out of the damaged wing like a piece of modern sculpture. The 28-foot wing section which dropped off landed in the backyard of a vacant house in South San Francisco.





Her son was executed by the Vietcong

Two of her nine children comfort Mrs. Pauline Bennett in her Perryville, Ark. home. Mrs. Bennett's 25-year-old son, Sgt. Harold G. Bennett (right), had been put to death by his Communist Vietcong captors who announced that it was retaliation for the execution of a Red terrorist by South Vietnam troops. "Wanton murder," declared the U.S. State Department.



A Japanese mob vents its fury on Old Glory

In Tokyo students in the far-left Zengakuren organization put on a multi-purpose protest by burning replicas of the U.S., Japanese and South Korean flags. They were protesting both U.S. military action in South Vietnam and the signing of a treaty by Japan and South Korea establishing normal relations between the two countries for the first time in 55 years.



A Klan cross burns in the English night

Not in Mississippi, or Alabama, but on a remote hilltop near Rugby, England, 10 men and two women in Ku Klux Klan robes and hoods met at midnight. This fiery-cross ceremony was the latest evidence of the growing English segregationist sentiment. "Our aim," declared the leader, who has the blessing of the American KKK, "is to rid Britain of aliens—colored, Jews and Catholics." When the 10-foot gasoline-soaked cross exploded into flame, the dozen bigots skipped away lest their sheets catch fire and reveal their identities.





Druids greet the dawn in Stonehenge rites

At dawn on the longest day in the year, members of the fraternal Druid Order in England gathered at Stonehenge to observe their ancient rites to the sun. Behind an arch of giant stones that was erected thousands of years before, they joined hands for a Druidical ring-around-a-rosy as the sun came up to signal the summer solstice. For the last 13 years clouds had spoiled the ceremony. But this year, the sun rose big and golden. It was, declared those who have been attending the annual ceremony for decades, the finest sunrise of the century.



Boost of brain power for the moon race

Six new scientist-Astronauts were picked to perform experiments on the Apollo moon flights. From left they are Joseph Kerwin, 33, flight surgeon; Edward Gibson, 28, research scientist; Curtis Michel, 31, professor of space science; Duane Graveline, 34, flight surgeon; Harrison Schmitt, 30, geologist; and Owen Garriott, 34, physicist.

The face is Adlai's —so is the old shoe

Is Adlai running *again*? Relax, shoemakers. Having worn large holes in his soles in '52 and having scuffed some more in '56, Ambassador Stevenson showed up at a University of California convocation with the same problem—due to rough weeks of standing up for U.S. foreign policy at the U.N.



Toast to Beatrix and her betrothed

Once upon a time there were four princesses who lived in a snow-white palace at Soestdijk in a pretty little country called the Netherlands. Three of them were of marriageable age but—alas—there were not many Protestant princes

of marriageable age around any more. Irene, 25, fell in love with a Catholic Spanish prince, ran away from home, gave up all her claims to the throne, became Catholic and married him in Rome. Then Margriet, 22, got herself engaged to a commoner, a Dutch law student she had met at college.

That left two princesses—Maria Christina, who is only 18, and Crown Princess Beatrix, 27, who will someday succeed her moth-



er, Queen Juliana. When Beatrix learned what Irene had done, she said dutifully: "Irene has spoiled every chance I had to find a man of my own choice. To restore the image of our royal house I will have to find a proper, Protestant prince. There is no other solution."

Her father, Prince Bernhard, knew just the man—a proper, Protestant prince named Richard whose family lived in Germany in a castle not far from the birth-

place of William the Silent, Prince of Orange. "Father of the Free Dutch Fatherland," Beatrix met Richard, they liked each other and arrangements were made for them to get better acquainted at a chalet in Switzerland—well chaperoned, of course. To the chalet Richard brought a friend named Claus von Amsberg, 38, a low-ranking German diplomat who earned only 1,600 marks (\$400) a month but was very handsome. Beatrix fell

head over heels in love with him.

When the word got out that she intended to marry him, a lot of good Queen Juliana's subjects got very mad. Claus, poor and a commoner—that could be forgiven. There was something else, however, that could not be overlooked in a country where the Nazis had killed about 300,000 Dutchmen: he had been in Hitler's Youth Movement at 13, and at 18 he had served with the dreaded *Toten-*

kopf (Death's Head) Regiment in northern Italy. "Claus 'raus!" ("Claus get out!") many good Dutchmen shouted.

But last week, Beatrix and Claus announced their engagement, and her mother, the queen, and her father, Prince Bernhard, hoisted champagne with the happy couple. So lovely did the princess look, and so much in love, that not even the hardest Dutch heart could deny her right to live happily ever after.

Prepared by the TIME-LIFE Washington staff,
edited by LIFE Bureau Chief Richard Stolley

SOMBER MOOD OF THE LONELIEST MAN

The 20 months of Lyndon Johnson's Presidency sometimes remind one of the old circus jumpy act in which 15 men come tumbling out of a vehicle built for six. Different L.B.J.'s keep tumbling out. Like the weather, he is changeable. While his mood of one day is apt to vanish with the next morning's mist, his present one is causing enough concern and unrest to take note of.

The President is withdrawn and somber. He is worried about the apparently unbridgeable gap between him and the nation's intellectuals and about the ridicule directed against him on campuses. He is casting about for some new approach to his frayed press relations. As the Johnson mood goes, so goes that of the government. A downswing in the President's morale is reflected in a similar downswing in the morale of parts of his federal machine.

What's eating Johnson mostly, of course, is the war in Vietnam—with its daily horror stories and pictures of pain and death and the specter of possible nuclear annihilation. Though the war is not his fault, it is still his mess, and he has found no solution.

Johnson's pilgrimage to San Francisco last week to address a 20th anniversary meeting of the U.N. was unusually grim. Added to his troubles was the bogus advance billing of a "bombshell speech" he never intended to make. Well-wishers lined his path, but Johnson spurned elaborate handshaking, something he generally savors as much as Texas sunshine. In Austin the next Sunday, he strode out of church after the service, not waiting to mingle with parishioners or chat with the minister. At the ranch that weekend Johnson went boating on Lake Lyndon B. Johnson, but his activity was quiet and subdued. Then after two days of an expected 10-day stay he and a few guests abruptly hurried back to Washington by jet. His departure from Austin's Bergstrom Air Force Base was a classic study of a man preoccupied. He never glanced at the people along the fences, not even at his friends in the press corps on the apron. He shuffled aboard, headed down, and vanished into the fuselage of the plane without a backward look or a wave.

Men close to Johnson suggest he is particularly worried about his image. His new De Gaulle-like aloofness, the theory goes, has been adopted upon him because the free-wheeling techniques that succeeded so well in the Senate are not working for him as President. Recently, rankled by what he considered distortions in the

press of his intentions on foreign policy matters, Johnson set up a White House "truth squad" whose job will be to "guide" reporters lest they uncover spurious ideas elsewhere.

But the troubles go deeper. One observer reported, after a meeting with Dean Rusk, that the Secretary of State seemed to have lost much of his zest for his job. That tiny signal is amplified by the President himself, who has discussed a need for more foreign policy advice.

Doubts about Johnson's own efficiency in foreign affairs have always existed. He buried them with a thump in his first months in office by his adroit handling of several crises: the Cuban water cutoff, the Panama riots and the Gulf of Tonkin incident when North Vietnamese PT boats attacked U.S. ships. But doubts, like ghosts, don't stay chained for long. A major factor in the current unrest is the matter of presidential style. In private moments Johnson has had harsh words for virtually all world leaders. The reservoir of those scathing off-the-record comments lies festering, and some of its poison has seeped beyond the P.O. box.

"Not that he has made the right decisions," complains a State Department man. "It's what he says and does afterward that creates needless problems."

There is a distinct feeling that an aura of turmoil and of uncertainty which has sometimes marked Johnson's political life has found its way into his conduct of international affairs. Until now most people have felt that Johnson was impulsive in trivial matters but deliberate and cool in the significant ones. But some people are starting to wonder aloud about that theory. Johnson's style was dazzling in the Senate—perhaps even correct there—but it will work, his critics now ask, in a nervous, nuclear world? Lyndon Johnson has been assaulted by experts before and has survived. But the stakes are greater now, and so is the worry in Washington—both by the President and about the President.

by Hugh Sidney

G.O.P. BATTLE OF BRITAIN

The receptionist at Republican National Headquarters whispers like a greeter in a funeral parlor—and with good cause. The G.O.P. has been racked recently by unseemly internal bickering. Until now only the party's older and supposedly wiser heads have been involved. It turns out that similar dissension has also spread into the ranks of the bouncing heirs to the party leadership, the Young Republicans.

They chose an auspicious arena for

their internecine squabble: the Atlantic Conference of Young Political Leaders, sponsored by NATO, which convened last week in Oxford, England. Four months ago, the Atlantic Council, an independent body that administers nongovernmental aspects of the North Atlantic Alliance for the State Department, picked a U.S. delegation of 12 young Republicans and 12 young Democrats to send to Oxford. Enter Buz Lukens of Lebanon, Ohio, the outgoing chairman of the Young Republicans, who proclaimed that the Republican contingent was not far enough to the right to suit Barry Goldwater. Lukens proposed to substitute eight delegates of his own for eight Republican moderates.

The Atlantic Council, which had raised \$15,000 for delegation travel and other expenses, balked at the switch. So Lukens cornered National Chairman Ray Bliss with a demand that the G.O.P. lend him \$3,500 to send his eight additional delegates to England. The beleaguered Bliss resisted at first, then yielded under pressure from such party stalwarts as Goldwater and Senator Strom Thurmond (Rep., S.C.).

"It was a pretty noisy trip," one young Democrat in the delegation reported with relish. "The 20 Young Republicans fought among themselves at the airport. Then they fought all over again all the way to Oxford."

BLACK BOX WAR TACTICS

War is an art, Plato wrote in *The Republic*, and the "guardians" of the ideal society should be strictly professionals—"lean wiry dogs" with special arms to rout the "fat and tender sheep" of the world. Plato's "guardians," if the recommendations of a Syracuse University study com-

missioned by the Marine Corps are adopted, will become the model for what the U.S. Marines will look like in 1985. The leathernecks of the future will not only be a smaller, professional, low-turnover force; they also will be computerized.

The study of Marine tactics 20 years hence, which took a year to complete, envisages a force of advance scout infantrymen all armed with miniature computers—little "black boxes." Into those boxes Marines will feed coded information on enemy positions—tanks, pillboxes, etc. That information will be flashed back to missiles in the rear which will then pour scorching fire onto the enemy positions.

TAX CUT WATCHDOGS

Government realists are well aware that some of the benefits of the \$4.7 billion excise tax cut may never reach the American consumer. For there is nothing in the law that can force manufacturers to cut prices on the affected items—or retailers to pass on any cuts manufacturers may make. So L.B.J. has staked out some watchdogs—including the Council of Economic Advisors, the Commerce and Treasury Departments, and Esther Peterson, his Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs—to see that the public gets the benefit, which next year should reduce the budget of the average family about \$57.

Meanwhile an early backer of the tax cut, Representative Charles Vanik (Dem., Ohio), has put into the *Congressional Record* charts indicating how the cut should alter auto and accessory prices. Repeat, should—not necessarily will. "Just wait until the new car models come on the market," he warns. "All it will take is a little more chrome and the prices will be hiked right back up again."



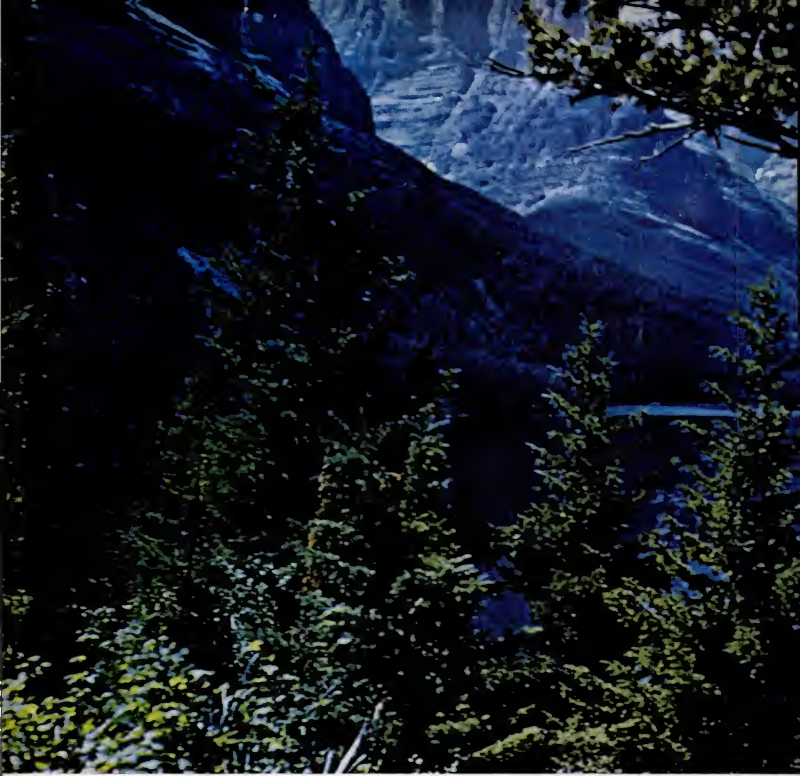
There was the hostess, Joan Kennedy, radiantly greeting Mrs. Daniel Inoué, wife of the senator from Hawaii. In the background stood her husband, Senator Ted Kennedy, beaming as other guests arrived. You'd never detect on unbecoming of social crisis, but it was there—or rather down the road a piece at a rival soirée given by Perle in Mexico. Social observers, wondering which VIPs would show up where, gave the nod to the Kennedys—where they counted 10 senators, four ambassadors and two Cabinet members. Friends of Perle, who share Irving Berlin's belief that she's the hostess with the mostest, pleaded no contraindication. If the President had been in town, they claimed, he certainly would have headed for Perle's place.



MOM ART

Any contemporary collection of the creative masterpieces mother cooks up in the kitchen will no doubt include a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup. That red and white can is a model of practicality. Here's a rough outline of the clever things mother can do with it: **1** Serve it hot and buttered in cups or mugs. **2** Top hamburgers with it. **3** Slice yesterday's roast and reheat the slices in it. **4** Serve it in bowls garnished with parsley or a dollop of sour cream. **5** Paint pork chops delicious with it. **6** Bake fish fillets in Campbell's Tomato Soup. However Mom does it, it's an art. Ask Pop.

They always eat better when you remember the soup



You are looking at one of the

That telephone booth is the store. You can go in and order any of 200,000 things from Sears, Roebuck and Co. When you take your vacation, take your Sears catalog. Here are 3 ways it could spare you some headaches.

A SEARS catalog and a Sears Credit Card make a great little team to take along on vacation. Between them, they have the knack of turning any telephone into Sears. You can order almost anything, charge everything you order—and solve 3 vacation problems.

1. Forgetting things. Anything you forgot in the rush of packing is almost sure to be in the Sears catalog. 200,000 things, 200,000 chances. A call to Sears, and it'll



Just walk into a phone booth in Glacier National Park—or anywhere else in the land—and you might as well be in Sears.

world's largest department stores

be on its way to your summer place as quick as can be.

2. Losing things. If it came from Sears, you can order a replacement from the catalog. If it didn't, Sears probably has something like it—and maybe better. No matter how far you are from home, a phone call to the nearest Sears and it's on the way.

NOTE: If you're traveling from place to place, stop in at any Sears store along your route. If you're replacing

something that costs a lot, it needn't dent your vacation budget. Just charge it on any Sears credit plan.

3. Needing something you haven't got. It's nice to know you can get just about anything from Sears in the shape, size, color, and style you want. *Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.*

Sears Has Everything

Only one wagon teams V-8 power, Turbo Hydra-Matic and 4-wheel drive. 'Jeep' Wagoneer



Team up famous 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive with the new 250 hp 'Vigilante' V-8 engine in a 'Jeep' Wagoneer...and you've got a wagon unbeatable for performance and "go-anywhere" versatility.

That new 250 hp 'Vigilante' V-8 gives you extra hustle on the highway and puts new muscle into

'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. You climb steeper hills, go through mud, snow, even deep sand...handle almost anything nature puts in your way.

And for smooth, quiet acceleration, you can't beat Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission. New power steering, too...your wife'll like that! She can

even park the Wagoneer with one finger.

V-8 engine, Turbo Hydra-Matic, 4-wheel drive... that's a combination of options you'll only find in 'Jeep' Wagoneer. Test one soon at your 'Jeep' dealer's.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

All the power and twice the traction of ordinary family wagons

SPACE

High mission for
the lightning bug

NASA's Firefly Project

The firefly, or lightning bug, which flashes its twinkly beacon in summer twilights to attract fireflies of the opposite sex, has joined the roster of participants in the U.S. space program. Its mission is literally to shed light on the question of how far life extends into space. Using complicated chemicals extracted from the firefly's luminous tail, NASA hopes to develop—and rocket into the atmosphere—a sensitive indicator that will light up when it encounters any high-flying micro-organism.

Crucial to experiments underway at Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md. is an ample supply of lightning bugs. To obtain them the center has called on Florida 4-H clubs, which catch bugs by the thousands and ship them to Maryland. The Goddard center hopes to send firefly-armed instruments aloft within a year or two. The information that will be winked back will be vital to the success of later efforts to ascertain whether life exists on other planets. For if microbes are found to be swirling around high above the earth, NASA will have to devise a way of protecting its planet-bound spacecraft from contamination after launch.

Lying on its back on a laboratory rug, a firefly flashes the signal with which males and females of the species woo each other.



How the glow will detect life

Scientists have long known why the firefly lights up, but only more recently have they figured out how. A nervous impulse within an amorous firefly triggers a complex reaction which involves three substances: a chemical called luciferin, an enzyme called luciferase and a compound called adenosine triphosphate (ATP for short). In the process, chemical energy is converted to light.

If brought into contact with ATP, the proper combination of the other two substances will always glow. Since ATP occurs in all living organisms—whether man, beast or lowly bacteria—NASA proposes to send aloft a package containing luciferin and luciferase. If any living thing is encountered, its ATP will be extracted, and the mixture will light up. This light will be detected by a photomultiplier tube and the information radioed back to earth. NASA hopes to fashion an instrument sensitive enough to detect individual living cells as far as 50 miles above the earth's surface.



A NASA scientist adds ATP to a test tube containing luciferin and luciferase—and mixture glows the way it will do aloft if life is encountered.

Frozen Florida fireflies, dead but still full of their light-making chemicals, are counted and packed in a plastic cylinder for shipment by air.



The only other mixers you need
are people.



Canada Dry brings you the perfect summer mixers:
The No. 1 Quinine Water, the Bitter Lemon
that's made from just the juicy hearts of lemons, the

true-fruit Collins Mixer, the world's most famous
Club Soda, and the original pale dry Ginger Ale.
You bring the people.



Never mess
with ice trays
again!



New Ice Maker in Frigidaire refrigerator
fills...freezes...releases...stores ice cubes —
all automatically!



Come see! Fingertip
Ice Server right in door!

The Frigidaire Ice Maker not only makes ice cubes automatically, it stores them in the Fingertip Ice Server. Close the door, and the Server slides neatly under the Ice Maker. Catches cubes as they drop. Open, and there's the Server right in the door where cubes are handiest.



Come touch! Cubes
never stick together!

The Frigidaire Fingertip Ice Server holds 243 ice cubes (9 lbs. worth) that don't believe in "togetherness." They just never melt or stick together! Stay as separate as a handful of diamonds.



Compare Frigidaire! Discover how
compact an Ice Maker can be!

Not only is the Frigidaire Ice Maker marvelously convenient, it's amazingly compact. Takes up so little space, there's room to unload a whole week's shopping and more in the huge Frost-Proof freezer! Can be easily connected to water supply. (Model FPI-16 BAJ.)

Come see! Come touch! Compare **FRIGIDAIRE**



ERICH LEINSDORF IS BOSTON'S INSATIABLE PERFECTIONIST

The Maestro Demands Brilliance



With fierce and tender concentration, Erich Leinsdorf hones his Boston Symphony Orchestra to brilliant precision. Perfection is his passion, and last week he was demanding it in the hills of Tanglewood, Mass. at the opening of the annual Berkshire Music Festival. Living up to his own exacting standard, Leinsdorf has made his gemlike orchestra one of the finest ornaments of American music. "I am in heaven when I play with him," says pianist Artur Schnabel.

Vienna-born Leinsdorf, 53, made his American debut with the Metropolitan Opera in 1938

and has lived here ever since. Though stiff and uncompromising on the podium, offstage he is an amiable, gregarious father of five who collects clothes, stamps, wines and mechanical toys. But even in these pursuits there is no such thing as a casual approach. "When my sons became interested in baseball," he says, "I briefed myself on it. I even corresponded with Red Barber." Once feared as an arrogant martinet, he has mellowed with success. "I used to think there was only one right way," he says, "but now I know there are right ways and right ways."

Driving his musicians, Leinsdorf imposes his will with the force of a hypnotist.

"Conducting is a matter of knowing that there is much you don't conduct. It's constantly alternating between listening and leading. Beating time is not conducting an orchestra."

Duets' doubles, fun with the Congressional Record



Leinsdorf and his 13-year-old daughter Jenny, his youngest, discuss a father-daughter duet for viola and piano. She is the most musical of the children.

"I hope Jenny keeps up her music, because she is pretty good. I don't think she's going to be a professional, but she wants to play chamber music and this is one of the greatest happinesses. Except for chamber music, I rarely play the piano."

An energetic if not expert ping-pong player, Leinsdorf awaits a serve in the playroom of his home. His partner is his 16-year-old daughter Hester.

"We have a crazy schedule in Boston—too much work and too many vacations. Each year I conduct 100 concerts. To relax I like to walk and ride horseback. I like to ride in the mountains especially. And I read a lot, mainly history."



Leinsdorf laughs with his wife Anne as he settles into bed with the Congressional Record.

don't mean that reading it puts me to sleep. It is marvelous.

Where else can you find out exactly what is going on in this country? I especially look for Wayne Marse. What a maverick!"

"I take the Record to bed with me almost every night—and I





BE
PARTICULAR

If you're particular about taste,

taste Pall Mall. Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding—and they are mild!

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

Product of The American Tobacco Company. C.A.T.O.



**Quaker State your car—
to keep it
running young.**



Give your car a chance to show what it can do! Ask for Quaker State Motor Oil—the one that keeps cars running at their lively, youthful best. Quaker State starts with 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's most costly crude oil. Then it's fortified with special Quaker State additives. It keeps your car on the road and out of the repair shop... saves you money. That's why it pays to ask for Quaker State Motor Oil by name. It's your finest engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION,
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

LEINSDORF CONTINUED

At a reception in Boston's Symphony Hall, Leinsdorf accepts congratulations from orchestra patron Mrs. Sidney Rabb.



**'I need
an awful lot of
time to myself'**

Here are some of Leinsdorf's comments about his world:

► Boston is a liberal city, and the old ladies on Friday afternoon are the most liberal audience because they have heard the most music. They might not like everything, but they appreciate an expanding repertory.

► We are today in a mass culture. There are more audiences, and I think it is a very exciting thing. But we are not compromising on account of our large audiences, quite the contrary.

► Today's young musicians have gone from the horse and buggy to the airplane without having gone through the railroad station. All these kids jump the 19th Century. They accept Vivaldi and Bach, but they loathe Wagner and Tchaikovsky.

► I have a quiet period in the morning and always before I go to a concert. I need an awful lot of time to myself.

► There are three worlds of music—the composer's, the performer's, and the critic's. I believe in friction, for without friction there can be no progress. The music world cannot live without it.

► I've always felt that operatic work and concert work together make up a complete musical life. But in symphony conducting the conductor is a larger percentage of the show than in opera. There is not the usual to fall back on, and thus one's resources must be richer.

► My orchestra is a wonderful blend of Europe and America. You eat dinner somewhere with the orchestra and first someone comes up and addresses you in perfect French, and then along comes a young man from Indiana.

► To have been graced by providence with special aptitudes and abilities, maybe even genius, does not at once entitle the bearer to present a bill to the world for remittance.

In a favored wingback chair in his home in Brookline, Mass., Leinsdorf unwinds after giving an afternoon concert.





No wonder the English have kept cool for 196 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)



Open...

drop in...

Kodak brings the INSTAMATIC Camera



Kodak announces **INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras**—and a complete new system of movie-making. A new kind of movie camera loads instantly, automatically. A new kind of movie film gives you clearer, sharper movies than ever. A new kind of movie projector lets you enjoy them seven different ways. Just slip the KODAPAK Movie Cartridge into the camera and shoot a complete roll of brilliant color movies. No threading. No winding. No need to flip the film! In fact, your hands never touch the film! And on your screen—see movies that are more than ever *the nearest thing to life itself!*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. Prices subject to change without notice.



shoot!

idea to movies!



Kodak has redesigned the movie camera. New KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras load instantly. No threading. An electric motor winds the film for you automatically. M2 model (above), less than \$50; M4 model with electric eye, less than \$75; M6 zoom reflex model, less than \$175.



Kodak has redesigned the movie film. The KODAPAK Movie Cartridge is loaded at the factory with improved KODACHROME II Film in the new Super 8 format. Just slip it into your KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Camera and shoot all 50 feet! No need to turn the film over. Movie-making was never so easy!



Kodak has redesigned the movie projector. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M70 Projector lets you show any scene at normal, fast, or slow-motion speeds — forward and reverse, "Still" projection, too. Brilliant illumination, fully automatic threading. From less than \$160. Other models from less than \$65.



Now your movies will be more lifelike than ever because the pictures you take with your KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Camera are 50% larger in area. Bigger pictures on film mean better movies on your screen.

Kodak

—a trademark since 1888





Yachting in the Grand Style Really the Way to Live

With the shapely style and joyful aplomb which should adorn every millionaire's yacht, young Dominique Joss, a French model, floats airily down to the azure waters of the Mediterranean. Her point of departure is the teak-wood deck of songwriter Fritz Leiber's 75-foot sailing vessel *Fauna*, anchored off Cannes.

Such sweet but costly living belongs only to a few of the world's wealthiest—such as Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos, Italian auto builder Gianni Agnelli, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace. These pages record the glorious languor aboard their elegant sailing and motor yachts which range up to nearly

900 tons. Nourished by the finest cuisine, attended by as many as 30 impeccable crewmen, the yacht people cruise in quiet luxury, lazing in the sun-drenched delights of the sea and dropping in on the gambling tables and opera of Monte Carlo, the cosmopolitan whirl of Cannes and the carefree frolics of St. Tropez.

Photographed by HOWELL COXANT

Composer's Ketch Is Used for Untrammelled Leisure

The *Fatima* has come a long way from her original purpose. A German ketch, she was designed for stormy sailing in the chill North Sea. Now she serves Fritz Loewe, composer of *My Fair Lady*, as the base for a bachelor's life of untrammelled leisure. Loewe does not own the boat but has chartered her for the past six years to avoid anything that might involve him in sailor's work or responsibility. He lives ashore in a Cannes hotel and likes to start a summer day promptly at 10 by throwing a champagne party on the beach. Then he invites the group to go along on the yacht, sails about three miles out and anchors for lunch. That constitutes the extent of Loewe's seamanship. On rarer trips to nearby ports, he sends the *Fatima* on alone, then keeps the rendezvous by plane. "I haven't the slightest intention of writing another note," says Loewe. "I can use the time better."

Dominique Joos (left) clings to ladder of *Fatima* before dropping in. Below, Eva Lau, a young German tourist, drifts in the sun near the boat on an inflated mattress.



Loewe takes his ease with an aperitif as Dominique lets go *Fatima's* ladder and falls into the sea. Loewe himself swims well, likes to dive from his anchored boat.

Loewe, Eva Lau, French pinnist Michel Valcourt and Inge Böhm, another German girl, stand by table set with lunch and composer's favorite white wine, *blanc de blanc*.







Foraging in the modern galley of their newest boat (*above*), Princess Grace finds some French bread to go with her family's mid-day meal. Below, her two oldest

children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert, uniformed for a holiday at sea, are seen promenading on the deck of last year's larger yacht, called *Albacoro II*.



Rainier and Grace

Like many yachtmen, Prince Rainier of Monaco has owned a series of vastly differing motor-powered boats. He and Princess Grace spent their 1956 honeymoon aboard his old-fashioned yacht, the *Deo Juvante II*, which he soon sold and got a converted cargo schooner before switching to a sport fishing

yacht, the *Albacoro I*. Two years ago he ordered a sumptuous, million-dollar, 133-foot teak-on-steele yacht, the *Albacoro II*, sold it a few months after its delivery to Arab sheik Abu Dhabi. He then ordered *Carostefal* (from the names of their three children, Caroline; the newest, 5-month-old Stefanie; and Al-



Have a 54-Footer

left), the 54-foot Italian cabin cruiser at right. The smaller boat, amply equipped with air compressors, aqualungs, spears and fishing tackle, is fine for water sports, as well as for the short sea jaunts the royal couple takes to get away from the palace. Its smaller crew—only two compared with 14 on its prede-

cessor—makes life simpler. Its 22-knot cruising speed lets them drop over to Sardinia to moor among other royal sailors—Princess Margaret, Luxembourg's Grand Duchess Charlotte, Princess Paola of Belgium—who frequent the Aga Khan's new seaport of Porto Cervo on the island's Emerald Coast.



The *Carotefol* (above) sprints across harbor of Monaco. In the roomy salon of the *Bliceno II*

(below), Prince Rainier, Grace, Caroline and staff watch Prince Albert play with cutout TV toys.



Fleet-Owner Enjoys the Elegance of



Mrs. Mavroleon's stateroom on the main deck of the *Radiant II* has a canopied bed, a bright Spanish carpet and louvered closets. In her adjoining dressing room is a 14-foot-long closet.

Tiles above the tub in Mrs. Mavroleon's bathroom came from a Chinese screen. Gold fixtures were planned, but British regulations required the use of chrome, standard for sea hardware.



Guest stateroom, one of four below deck, has two beds (one visible in mirror), ample closets and its own 10x8-foot bathroom. Each of the staterooms is decorated in different color scheme.

Dining room is accented by hand-painted Chinese silk mural. The table, which seats 14, is framed in solid brass shaped like bamboo. Door is guarded by antique, enamel-on-bronze cranes.



The biggest yacht built in Europe since World War II is the 190-foot motorship *Radiant II*, which Basil Mavroleon, who owns a fleet of oil tankers, had constructed at his own Austin and Pickersgill shipyards in England in 1961. It cost him \$2 million and is as close to being a mobile country villa as it could be without sinking. Mavroleon's wife, Janey, planned the interior, from dining room with its rare Chinese objets

d'art to the five deep freezes—including one for fish, one for vegetables, one for meat big enough for whole carcasses. The galley has an electric bread-cutter, and enough china to serve two dozen people.

Under full power, the *Radiant II* reaches a stately 15 knots. In 1962 the Mavroleons sailed the Atlantic to Leningrad. Last year, they yachted into the Black Sea. Later in the season they chartered *Radiant II*



Owner's galley, which with its adjoining pantry measures 10x27 feet, is festooned with soup cups. The yacht has three chefs, eight stewards. Crewmen's food is cooked in separate galley.



Radiant II lies alongside an ancient lighthouse in harbor of Monaco. She has two engines which turn out 1,680 hp and she can carry 80 tons of fuel, enough for a cruise of 4,500 miles.



'His Floating Villa

to friends, Texas oilman Charles Wrightsman and his wife, who took Jacqueline Kennedy as a guest.

There was once a *Radiant I*—it now belongs to Ghana's President Nkrumah—and there will be a *Radiant III*. Already on the drawing boards, it will be even bigger, more luxurious and require a larger crew than the present 24. But Mavroleon shuns publicity. "We have no dancing girls," he says, "no floor

shows. Just serious and entertaining company to cruise about, visit new places, swim, water ski, play cards, talk."

In port, the Mavroleons invite guests aboard for dinner, usually only eight. "We have a Greek cook who is terribly influenced by the French cuisine," says Mrs. Mavroleon, who when grouse are in season has birds flown from England. "All our dinners are memorable."



In the library are a Louis XVI desk, a chair covered with tiger-patterned French silk which costs \$100 a yard and solid copper shelves whose books are held in place by thin brass strips.

Mavroleon and his wife have what they call their "elevenish"—Dutch gin and fish roe—in after-deck lounge which is furnished with Saarinen chairs and conical blue Danish bar stools.



Lunch is taken on the open aft deck by Basil Mavroleon (left), his young granddaughter, two boy guests, Mrs. Mavroleon (back to camera), son Nicholas (right) and three English nannies.

Nicholas Mavroleon, one of two sons, is also in the shipping business and has a small, sporty speedboat of his own. The children seldom go along on the longer cruises of the *Radiant II*.



Mavroleon's master stateroom is done in Napoleonic style. The bed belonged to a marshal of Bonaparte's army. The leather campaign chair is a copy of one made in Napoleon's time.

Mrs. Mavroleon reclines in Blue Salon before fireplace equipped with electric logs. Coffee tables are made from Chinese panels, chests holding lamps are old Chinese travel trunks.





Churning away from the Aga Khan's new resort on the island of Sardinia, *Malahne* heads for other ports. She has been modernized with stabilizers, automatic steering, short and long range radar and she carries a 23-foot speedboat tender for waterskiing.

Sam Spiegel Uses His for an Office

"I don't consider my yacht an extravagance," insists Sam Spiegel, producer of *The African Queen* and *Bridge on the River Kwai*. "I work on it to save time." His half-million-dollar timesaver is the 165-foot, 460-ton *Malahne*. Built in 1937, *Malahne* has had a series of owners, including an American, a Greek and a Belgian. During the war the British enlisted *Malahne* as a sonar test target for submarines. Spiegel uses yacht mostly to play host to luminaries like Garbo, Rubirola, Liz Taylor, Romi Schneider. While *Lawrence of Arabia* was being filmed in Jordan, King Hussein came aboard to be entertained by the producer on his floating office.



Sam Spiegel marches down the gangplank of *Malahne* past flag of Panama, where his vessel is registered. For *Lawrence of Arabia* he spent most of a year on his yacht working with the director and a scenarist, traveling the Mediterranean to pick shooting locations in Jordan, Spain and Morocco.



Snoozing over a book, Romy Schneider (left), weary and dispirited after troubles with a French

film, rests up on *Malahne*. Above, Romy climbs aboard after going ashore at Sardinia. "Princess Grace

came aboard with the children," Romy reported, "and we all saw the film *The Pumpkin Eater* together."

Carmaker Goes Out for Speed



Gianni Agnelli does not like to stand still. So the usual condition of his 90-foot, 4,000-hp motor yacht, the *G.4-30*, is bow up, wake flying, engines revving, as he whips it through hairpin turns past coastal rocks. Designed for speed rather than lazy opulence, the *G.4-30* cost \$500,000, has a light-weight hull of mahogany and teak.

Intended to go 40 knots, Agnelli's boat is theoretically a gallant failure, because it can go only 30. Though large for a speedboat, it exemplifies a yachting trend toward compactness. It has, for instance, a crew of only six.

At 44, Agnelli is well-known as a sportsman and as a financier, vice chairman of the Fiat auto company and head of a family firm which has holdings in 100-odd companies. "He is always in a hurry," explains his captain. "We can't even skin dive. The *G.4-30* wouldn't be there when the divers came back up."

The Agnellis sit at controls of their *G.4-30*. Most yachts of this size have an enclosed wheelhouse, but open cockpit gives Agnelli control and full feeling of speed.



Majorcan erals, bought at a seaside market, serve as lunch for the Agnellis and guests. The *G.4-30* has no official chef but the crewmen take turns preparing the

simple meals. There are guest staterooms for three couples, but Agnelli usually invites only two or three people who share his obsession for keeping on the move.





Sweeping through the shallows past jutting stone cliff, the *G.A.30* swings into a Majorcan cove for brief anchor. The pause gives Mrs. Agnelli (*above*) time

for quick swim, before rejoining her husband (*below*) for more fast boating. She was born the Princess Marella Caracciolo, daughter of the Duke of Melito. Ranked

high up on the international best-dressed lists, Mrs. Agnelli is—like her husband—always on the move, dashing around the world by jet to keep social engagements.





Shipping King Sails the Loveliest of All

"By far the finest-looking sailing ship afloat today," say boating experts, is Stavros Niarchos' 190-foot, 433-ton schooner *Creole*. Niarchos, whose fleet of 80 tankers and freighters is one of the world's largest, once owned a 102-foot motorboat which could do a record 51 knots. But for the past 12 years he has used the graceful *Creole* as flagship for his far-flung armada. On waking, he checks on the health of his enterprises by radio-telephone, marine radio and a teletype printing system, then goes topside to take charge of the 30-man crew's raising of the sails. With a fair breeze the solid teak *Creole* can go 17 knots, or

with auxiliary diesels nearly the same. Under motorpower, Niarchos never takes the bridge; when the power is wind, he is there. "Only a ship under sail," he says, "achieves a true affinity with the sea."

Niarchos, who is 56, and his wife Eugenie maintain homes in Bermuda, St. Moritz, Paris, London and Cap d'Antibes. But they feel most at home aboard the *Creole*, sailing through the Greek islands or on his private island, Spetsopoula, in the Aegean 50 miles from Athens, where the guests can hunt wild goats among the crags, flush partridge from the high meadows or simply walk along the golden sands.



Her Genou jhgrntly followed by a soft Aegean breeze, the *Creole* reaches across the wind. When fully rigged, her three masts can carry 15,000 square feet of sail.

Lounging in the deckhouse salon, Eugenie Niarchos sits beneath a drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec. Until recently *Creole* was a floating gallery, hung with Renoirs,



Being briefed on charts by the captain, Mrs. Niarchos sits in the main salon, one level below deckhouse. *Creole* has staterooms for four guest couples. Sometimes the

Niarchoses cruise with their three small children, sometimes with royal guests such as King Constantine of Greece, who often visits the *Creole* and the Niarchos island.




Van Goghs, a Gauguin, a Rembrandt. Experts convinced Niarchos that salt air was injurious, so he put ashore all important works except this drawing of a cancan dancer.



Borne along by a 9,000-square-foot spinnaker, *Creole*, which is the world's biggest private sailboat, runs before the wind toward Niarchos' island of Spetsopoula.





Moored at midnight in the harbor of Monaco, the 210-foot, 863-ton *Trenor* waits near the Hotel de Paris (far right), a favorite watering hole for yachting's cognoscenti.

In Italy's textile king, Count Giustino Marzotto, uses the \$1.5 million craft, one of the world's most lavishly appointed, as a floating palace for high-level entertaining.



**Why settle for just
a diet drink
when there's
Tab with just
1 calorie.**



Tab is the new 1 calorie drink created by The Coca-Cola Company to help you enjoy today's wonderful foods. Doesn't it make sense to be refreshed with sensible, modern Tab?



Chou Gets Socked—Twice



by GEORGE
DE CARVALHO

The other night Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai got talking to George Dooner of Highland Falls, N.Y., the first American to whom any Red Chinese leader has said a word in a long, long time. I watched enviously. I had trailed Chou all around Africa, trying to talk with him—all in vain because Chou has an almost pathological hatred for "the imperialist Americans." George Dooner, who succeeded where I had failed, is an articulate American—bright, dimpled and with braces on his teeth. He is 9 years old.

He was introduced to the leader of Red China in the mezzanine of the Nile Hilton hotel. Premier Chou and Indonesia's President Sukarno, both in Cairo on their way to the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers, were waiting in the hotel for a private screening of *Saladin*, an Egyptian horse opera about the defeat of the Crusaders. Sukarno spotted young George among the Hilton's peering American tourists and hailed him over. With sturdy self-assurance George Dooner sat down next to Chou. Their conversation, as George related it to me later, went like this:

George to Chou: "Do you like Chinese food?"

Chou: "I'm on a low-fat, high-protein diet—things like soybeans and meat. Where is your mother?"

George: "In Highland Falls. I'm vacationing with an aunt."

Chou: "Do you know the capital of China?"

George: "I haven't got that far in geography yet."

There was more, but George cannot remember and I could not overhear because Chinese and Egyptian security men kept me back. Sukarno gave George an Indonesian banknote, 50 rupiahs (25¢). Not to be outdone, Chou En-lai whipped out his wallet and gave him five yuan (\$2). Young George grinned at me afterward and said: "Next time I'll put in a good word for you," but Chou is not talking to adult Americans.

As a matter of fact, Chou was hardly in a mood last week to talk to anybody. He had just suffered a disastrous African defeat over the Algiers conference. This was to be a meeting of some 50 Asian and African countries, most of them either nonaligned or sympathetic to the Communist world. Ten days before it was to open, Algerian



President Ahmed Ben Bella was overthrown by Colonel Houari Boumedienne. The unsettled state of the country made delegates think the conference might have to be postponed. They were sure of it when a bomb went off in the conference hall a few days before the scheduled opening session.

Chou En-lai, however, was violently against postponement. He planned to use the conference to

ram through anti-American resolutions and line up the delegates against Russia. Lobbying desperately, Red Chinese diplomats tried to start the conference on schedule. They had no luck. Then they proposed to lay the blame for the aborted conference officially on "imperialist intrigues"—pointing the finger at India and Ceylon, among others. But the Afro-Asians decided not to be used by China.

Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai preached revolution during a visit to Tanzania (above). Though many African leaders came to power through revolution, further revolutions would only depose them. Chou received no invitations from any other African countries and was forced to return to Peking, his African tour a failure.



Why compromise with quality when a Fedders now costs so little?

Now, for only \$93.00* you can own this superbly engineered 4,000 BTU Fedders air conditioner. You get the reliability of exclusive Reserve Cooling Power that guarantees mountain-fresh air even on scorching days. Weather Wheel for 360° air direction control. Two-speed motor for whisper-quiet nighttime operation. Rear grille for optimum protection of components. Insta-Mount that lets you install Fedders yourself... quickly, easily. See your Fedders Dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Another great Fedders value: 5,000 BTU air conditioner for only \$112.00*



FEDDERS
World's largest selling air conditioner

*Minimum Fair Trade price where applicable; slightly higher in some areas.

ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS • CENTRAL AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS • MAJOR APPLIANCES



Did you see this Kellogg's Corn Flakes advertisement in this issue?

To satisfy a lot of grown-up porch-step gourmets we put two individual packages of the world's favorite Corn Flakes in Kellogg's Variety Pack.

You also get these other favorites:

2 Rice Krispies, 2 Super Frosted Flakes, 1 Raisin Bran, 1 Special K, 1 Super Smacks, 1 Super Pops, 10 Packages, 7 different Cereals.



America's best-liked cereal assortment

© 1981 by Kellogg Company
"Variety" is a trademark of Kellogg Company
(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Nine-year-old George Doomer, son of a Highland Falls, N.Y. dentist, became the first American in recent months to chat with Chou. Their talk took place in Cairo's Nile Hilton hotel, and at its conclusion Chou gave George five yuan (worth \$2 in U.S.) as a souvenir.



CHOU CONTINUED

They quashed any reference to intrigues and put the meeting off until the fall.

This was rough on Chou and Red China, but, even worse for them, it was the second blow that Africa had dealt the Chinese premier inside a month. Early in June, Chou started out on a big ramble around the continent to build up his side for the Algiers conference. He thought it would be easy because only 18 months before he had made a 50-day African swing and got a friendly hello all over. This time he ran out of hosts fast, and his projected month-long tour lasted only five busy days.

He was given a fine welcome in Tanzania. But in the torrid tin-roofed capital of Dar es Salaam, he remarked that "an exceedingly favorable situation for revolution prevails in Africa." It was not a surprising statement coming from Chou, but it was out of date. The heads of the new African countries, though revolutionaries by tradition, are now not in favor of stirring up rebellion: today they themselves would be the ones overthrown. When Chou left Guinea, he would like to go there after Tanzania, he was turned down. So were his offers to visit Ghana, Uganda, Zambia, Ethiopia, the Somali Republic and Nigeria. The Red Chinese leader had no place to go but home—humiliated and angry. And then he had to trek back for the Algiers meeting.

The irony is that Peking has been trying so hard to get friends in Africa. All told, Chinese Communists have given or promised more than \$350 million in economic aid to Africa, besides countless loads of arms. They opened 16 diplomatic missions, concentrating large diplomatic corps there. Shadowy Red Chinese trade, aid and arms missions mushroomed. Peking's New China News Agency opened staff bureaus in 12 African capitals, more than major Western news

services maintain, offering slanted news free to African dailies and radio stations.

In an almost comic display of intra Communist one-upmanship, the Soviet Union moved to top the Chinese in Africa. When Peking offered \$15 million worth of credits to Somalia, Moscow offered \$30 million. When Peking promised \$70 million for Nasser's development plan, Moscow soon pledged \$700 million.

A joke going around in Uganda, which got both Soviet and Chinese aid offers, tells of Russian and Chinese aid officials meeting by chance. "What are you doing in Uganda?" the Russian asked. "I've come to see about the aid program," replied the Chinese. "Really?" sneered the Russian. "do you think Uganda will give you any?"

Afro-Asia is learning that Peking's promised bounty is only peanuts. Kenya got \$19 million in Red China credits but has collected little so far. Tanzania, a citrus producer, is getting canned Chinese tangerines.

One standard Peking move has been to bribe key African politicians, on the theory that \$1,000 worth of slush buys more support than \$1 million worth of aid. This boomeranged. Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda called for a law banning foreign (meaning Peking) subsidies to opposition parties. Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta quarantined opposition politicians for accepting Peking payoffs. Malawi's Prime Minister Dr. Banda fired several cabinet ministers and refused to recognize Red China; he accused Peking of offering loans as a bribe. In backward little Burundi most politicians were on Peking's payroll a few months ago. Now Burundi has indignantly suspended relations with Peking and departed all Red Chinese.

"Peking cannot buy us," one African nationalist leader said. "At the most they can rent some people for a while."

For Americans several useful facts emerged from Chou's bootless odyssey.

Africa is more anti-Communist

CONTINUED



Let *Investors* supply you with full facts on
FIVE EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED

MUTUAL FUNDS

THIS information will help you decide if you are interested in mutual funds. Each of these funds has a different financial objective, yet each offers you a diversified selection of professionally supervised securities.

Your Investors Man represents the exclusive distributor for these funds. Call him—he's as close as your telephone—and he will provide you with a free descriptive booklet (prospectus) giving the complete story of each. . . . Or, if you prefer, use handy coupon.

Investors Variable Payment Fund: Its objectives are to provide you with an investment emphasizing common stocks with growth possibilities.

Common Stock Fund: Investors Stock Fund. Its objectives are to give you long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income

from securities emphasizing common stocks.

Bond and Preferred Stock Fund: Investors Selective Fund. Its objectives are to provide you with a reasonably stable quarterly income while conserving the value of your investment.

Balanced Fund: Investors Mutual. Its objectives are to provide you with a reasonable return, to preserve your capital, and to secure long-term appreciation possibilities through a broad selection of common and preferred stocks and investment-quality bonds.

Foreign Investment Fund: Investors Intercontinental Fund. Its objectives are to offer you long-term capital growth possibilities. Business and industry investment in the free world will be in substantial proportions on each of two or more continents.

"Installment-Type" Face Amount Certificates: Investors Syndicate of America, Inc. offers these certificates to help you accumulate money, systematically over a period of years.

Investors

DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

Founded 1894

Investors Building • Minneapolis, Minn. 55402
(Distributed in most states)

I'd like your free information booklet (a prospectus) on the type of investment checked below:

- ☐ COMMON STOCK FUND
☐ BALANCED FUND
☐ BOND & PREFERRED STOCK FUND
☐ FOREIGN INVESTMENT FUND
☐ VARIABLE PAYMENT FUND
☐ FACE AMOUNT CERTIFICATES

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

39

CALL YOUR *Investors* MAN—TODAY!

HE'S LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES
UNDER "MUTUAL FUNDS" OR "INVESTMENT SECURITIES"





***"This is the 13th straight year
the Indy '500' winner
rode on Monroe"***

-Sam Hanks

Indianapolis "500" champion
and driving safety expert.

"Jimmy Clark, the 1965 winner, like every winner since 1953, insists on Monroe products for his racing car. Jimmy used Monroe Load-Leveler stabilizing units. Race drivers don't take chances on equipment. That's why they want the extra stability and car control Monroe gives them."

"That's why at Indianapolis and at virtually every other major U.S. racing event, the winning car is Monroe-equipped."

"If your car is swaying on curves, or bottoming on bumps, why not take a tip from the pros? Stop in at any dealer displaying the yellow and blue Monroe barrel and take a 60-day trial ride on Monroe Load-Levelers."



World leader on highway and speedway

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY • Monroe, Michigan
In Canada, MONROE-ACME, LTD., Toronto, Ontario • In Mexico, MEX-PAR Box 28154, Mexico City

Peking calls U.S.S.R. and U.S. 'lovebirds'

CHOU
CONTINUED

and certainly more anti-Peking than seemed possible a year or two ago. In the Congo, Peking's insurrectionary efforts have all but collapsed. While Chou proclaimed "the joys of revolutionary friendship," Tanzania's leaders told him publicly, "We will not let anyone interfere in our internal policies."

In Egypt, Nasser lavished hospitality on Chou. He put him up in the sumptuous Kubbah Palace with its 40 acres of walled gardens. He called Chou "our brother and dear friend." But Chou should have no illusions. Nasser, who has been playing the U.S. against the U.S.S.R., is now playing Red China against Russia. Nasser knows he can get—and is getting—much more from Moscow. Nasser is now aligned very firmly against the West but not against Moscow.

The majority of Afro-Asian countries are moderate. They resent and distrust Peking's extremist aggressive policies. They have their independence and they want peaceful progress, emphatically including cooperation with the U.S. and the West. Cambodia's oddball Prince Sihanouk, who is pro-Peking and hysterically anti-American, wanted the Afro-Asian conference to call on all member nations to break diplomatic relations with the U.S. Only seven at most out of the 50-odd countries would have voted in favor if the conference had been held.

Any Afro-Asian group will always vote against imperialism but not specifically American imperialism—simply imperialism of any stripe. Tanzania's President Nyerere and Egypt's Nasser are currently Peking's best friends in Africa, but both refused to echo Chou in denouncing the U.S. Tanzania has 350 American Peace Corps volunteers, and wants more. The Tanzania library which Chou

visited was built with U.S. aid.

During Chou's tour, Peking spokesmen denounced "Soviet-American cooperation for the domination of the world." Grotesquely, they labeled the U.S. and the Soviet Union "two inseparable lovebirds." Chou argued insistently against Soviet participation in the Algiers conference. Russian presence, he declared, was "utterly unacceptable. There can be no compromise or concession on this issue." This embarrassed—and did not persuade—the majority of Afro-Asian countries, which receive Soviet aid and welcome Soviet participation to counterbalance Peking's overbearing presence.

The cocky Red Chinese openly broadcast around Africa their certainty that sheer manpower insures their survival and victory in any conflict with the Soviet Union. The Chinese tell a joke about war with Russia: "In the first battle, we let the Russians take 100 million prisoners, an impossible problem to handle. In the second battle we force on them another 100 million prisoners and in the third another 100 million. Then the Russians surrender."

It emerged clearly from the frantic Algerian huddles that more than half the Afro-Asian countries would support Moscow against Peking in a showdown. The Soviet Union, evolving and seeking a better life at home, is maturing and apparently moderating its actions. A few more kicks in the teeth like Algiers might make Red China act a little more moderately.

I'm not sure that I will still be chasing around after reluctant Orientals when this happens, but the time may well come when Chinese leaders will talk to adult Americans too.

In Cairo airport, UAR President Gamal Abdel Nasser (right) entertains visitors Chou and Indonesian President Sukarno on way to abortive Afro-Asian parley.





Today, abundant electric service brings modern conveniences to the rampside.

Wherever you look today, electric service makes good things possible.



Flying mobile camper of the future may be electric powered—plugging into any electric outlet for recharging.

Imagine what it'll do for you tomorrow.

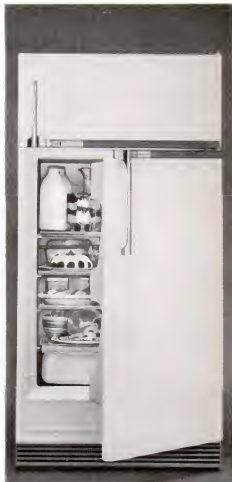
It's your desires and dreams that spur us on. That spirit has always been at the heart of our business. It's helped us keep the average unit price paid for electric service coming steadily down over the years. And with your continued help we'll keep electric service one of the best household bargains you can get. So go ahead and dream! You'll never outdream your possibilities, with more than 300 investor-owned power companies working for you across the land.

You've got good things going for you with service by
**INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC
 LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES***
*Names of sponsoring companies available through this magazine.



Free-O'-Frost Freezer-plus-Refrigerator, Model BFF-125.

*Open these solid,
silent doors
and you'll know
what you've been
waiting for*



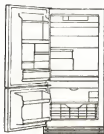
Free-O'-Frost Custom Royal Refrigerator, Model BRFR-14.

Amana

Look into the new Amana Freezer-plus-Refrigerator: Every shelf of its brilliantly planned freezer section freezes foods on contact—seals freshness in up to 2½ times faster than any other method. And only Amana combines contact freezing with complete freedom from frost—in both freezer and refrigerator. Available in Decorator models—your choice of 329 colors, fabrics, patterns, or in white as shown.

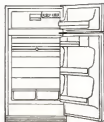
Look into the new Amana Refrigerator: Look at all that usable space. Then look a little closer at the separate Cold Controls for refrigerator and freezer. An Amana exclusive that provides perfect temperatures in each section. This Sensi-Matic control automatically maintains the temperature you've chosen. Cold has never done more for you. All this without a crystal of frost, top to bottom.

Look into the Amana 5-Year Total Appliance Warranty: It covers both parts and related labor, for a full five years. No other manufacturer gives you such protection . . . such proof of dependable service. See your Amana dealer. Find out what Amana can mean to you.



Amana 5-year Total Appliance Warranty. Amana warrants for 5 years from date of original purchase in U.S. or Canada, free replacement or repair, including related labor, of parts found defective as to workmanship or material under normal use, and returned through Amana's dealer-distributor organization. Owner is responsible for local cartage, repairmen's travel expense if required, and replacement of gaskets, rubber or plastic parts, light bulbs, and accessories. Warranty does not cover taxes, duties, assessments levied at time of part export. Any product subjected to accident, misuse, negligence, abuse, defacement of serial plate or alteration shall void the warranty.

Backed by a Century-Old Tradition of Fine Craftsmanship
AMANA REFRIGERATION, INC., AMANA, IOWA
SUBSIDIARY OF RAYTHEON COMPANY





*'Whatever can you
be thinking of,
to wear your hair like that?'*

*Sassoon considers Françoise Robartelli's
mane (above) and contemplates the
cutting. At right his head appears
above two he has just done:
Peggy Moffitt's and Marcella Stanant's.*

Sassoon and His Scissors

"Important people think their names mean a lot to snob hairdressers. Well, they do to me too—until they get past the reception desk. At that point the name sinks into the bone structure," Vidal Sassoon, who utters this declaration of independence, has two haircutting salons in London and a brand-new one in New York and has been making himself famous by the way he shapes his customers' hair to complement their bone structure. His newest style is boyishly short all over with slightly longer sideburns in front—"flattering to the jawline," he says. Sassoon doesn't mind giving a less extreme cut now and then, "just as long as it looks chunky and swinging." No customer, in fact, may leave his premises until she has shaken her newly shorn head vigorously and dizzily back and forth to satisfy him that it swings properly. Sassoon works only with scissors, leaving

the shampooing and setting to a youthful corps of assistants who are being trained for future shops in San Francisco, Washington and Los Angeles, all backed by Charles of the Ritz. "The cut," he maintains, "is far more important than what follows. A well-cut head of hair will look right even if it's just been doused in a tub of water—or in the ocean."

Vidal often douses himself in the ocean, or in a swimming pool. A health food and exercise addict, he says, "I'm a 37-year-old teenager. I've always looked young for my age. When I began as a shampoo boy I was 14 and looked 8." He was then advised to take elocution lessons to overcome a severe Cockney accent. He did. But times have changed. "Now when a Cockney lad comes to work for me I tell him *not* to lose his accent. There's so much reverse snobbery that it's one of the biggest assets he can have."

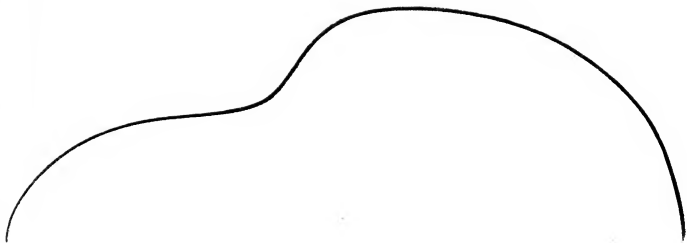




*'The thing I
can't resist
is a neck'*

When a model new to Manhattan named Sheryl Lian appeared in Sassoon's salon to be recut, he pulled her shoulder-length hair out full width (top) and said, "It's like an airplane taking off: let's take off." He began (above) to take off. "Most men," he said, "choose legs or eyes or other parts of the anatomy, but what fascinates me are necks. I just can't resist them." More and more of Miss Lian's neck appeared as the session went on. "I always use short scissors," Vidal explained as he shaped her bangs. "They give me the feel of having extra fingers." Finally, the job completed, and both parties concurred pleased, Vidal said, "We have landed!"





How much longer can we hand you this line?

Forever, we hope.

Because we don't ever intend to change the Volkswagen's shape.

We play by our own set of rules.

The only reason we change the VW is to make it work even better.

The money we don't spend on outside changes we do spend inside the car.

This system gives us an immense advantage: Time.

We have time to improve parts and still keep most of them interchangeable.

(Which is why it's so easy to get VW parts, and why VW mechanics don't wake up screaming.)

We have time to put an immense amount

of hand work into each VW, and to finish each one like a \$6,000 machine.

And this system has also kept the price almost the same over the years.

Some cars keep changing and stay the same.

Volkswagens stay the same and keep changing.

MEDICINE

LASER ON THE CANCER FRONTIER

With a sharp "Zep!" and a burst of brilliant red light, the laser beam leaps from the powerful instrument and a glowing plume of vaporized tissue rises from the woman's neck. It looks like the scene from *Goldfinger* where the villain threatens to kill James Bond by laser. But this woman is a victim of a particularly dread form of skin cancer, and the laser beam is being used—by Dr. Paul E. McGuff (right) and an engineer at Maser Optics in Boston—to sear away cancer cells.

The laser, which puts out a light beam so powerful that it can punch holes in razor blades (*LIFE*, Jan. 11, 1963), has intrigued medical researchers ever since it was invented some five years ago. Doctors dream of using it as an optical knife which would be faster, more accurate and less painful than an ordinary scalpel. Although its use in cancer is still completely unproven, researchers are now learning a lot about what the laser can do.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITZ GORO







First showing!
Exclusive new Admiral
15" and 17" flat-faced,
(overall depth)
slimmed, squared
picture tubes ...

make these
slim, lightweight
portables possible!



MEET
THE
HAPPY
MEDIUMS!



See them now! Two happy new sizes in Portable TV, yours only from Admiral! These new 15" and 17" Admiral sizes fill a happy need: light enough to tote easily from bedroom to den to rec room, big enough (103 and 141 sq. in. rectangular screens) for easy viewing by you or a group. All 82-channel UHF/VHF tuning, big speaker, strong fringe-area reception. See the Happy Mediums today. Now at low excise-tax-free prices from **\$104⁹⁵***

Admiral
MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Not suggested list price. PMSB series, slightly higher name model. Shown above, PMSB (left), PMSB (right). Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

Future jobs for the beam

Doctors have described the laser as a solution looking for problems. It will be years before they really know what the laser can do, but they are exploring its potential on a number of fronts:

CANCER. Tests on animals have shown that a laser beam can blast some tiny tumors into oblivion—instantly, accurately, with little pain or bleeding. When fired at larger tumors the laser leaves a tiny, charred crater. The unanswered question facing the researchers is whether killing cancer cells with laser beams is any more effective or practical than present methods of cutting out tumors with knives or treating them with radiation or chemicals.

So far, doctors have leaser some hundred cancer patients, mostly people with skin cancers that are easy to get at without major surgery. Neurosurgeon Hubert Rosen of the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine has taken the laser into the operating room on several occasions. He has cut tumors out of patients' brains, then repeatedly leaser the exposed cavities to destroy cancer cells that may have been left behind.

None of the doctors using leaser claims to have cured a patient of cancer. For one thing, many of the patients who have been leaser have been "incurable" cases, people who had been treated again and again with conventional methods of cancer therapy to no avail. But even if the laser beam should prove no more effective against cancer than the surgeon's knife, its speed, accuracy and painlessness could make it the preferred tool against some types of tumors.

No one knows precisely how the laser destroys tissue. The big question is whether the beam simply burns or whether it also employs some more subtle means of destruction. One well-established property of the beam is that it destroys pigmented tissue far more readily than unpigmented, because dark-colored substances absorb more light and heat.

Doctors have therefore concentrated on testing the laser against dark-colored tumors like melanoma, reasoning that the beam would selectively destroy dark cancer cells without damaging surrounding normal tissue. Dr. Alfred Ketchum and Dr. John Peter Minton of the National Cancer Institute have been able to cure one lethal type of melanoma in mice.

N.C.I. plans to extend this work to human patients this fall.

EYE SURGERY. One of the first uses proposed for the laser was repairing holes in the retina that could cause detached retinas. Instead of using high-power leaser to destroy, as against cancer, eye surgeons use low-power leaser to make tiny burn scars on the retina, which act as spot-welds, fastening the retina in place. The beam is directed through the lens of the eye, which automatically focuses the beam on the retina. The laser retine coagulator, as the device is called, has now been used successfully on hundreds of human eyes. However, a number of ophthalmologists, fearing possible ill effects of the beam, still prefer other, older methods of re-attaching retinas. The leaser may yet prove useful for destroying eye tumors and for cauterizing tiny, hemorrhaging blood vessels inside the eye (a common cause of blindness among diabetics).

TOOTH DRILLING. Dentists believe that the laser might be a fast, painless way to drill. Working with extracted human teeth, they have already shown that the beam selectively vaporizes dark decayed spots. To test possible hazards, Dr. Leon Goldman of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, one of the pioneers in laser cancer research, has several times hit his own teeth with laser beams with no apparent ill effects.

CARDIOVASCULAR SURGERY. At Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center in New York, Dr. Kenneth Strully and Dr. William Yahr are working on a method of bypassing an obstructed artery blocking blood flow. Strully and Yahr bring over a nearby healthy artery, glue it alongside the diseased artery beyond the obstruction, and then make a hole through the glued section so blood can flow again. They have discovered that the only way to get a good, clean hole is to use a leaser. But they have also discovered that, though the leaser easily punches holes in razor blades, it is far more difficult to penetrate an artery wall. The relatively transparent blood vessel lets much of the laser light pass ineffectually through. The doctors find they must paint the glued vessel walls with an opaque eluid in order to get a good hole. So far they have tried their technique only on dogs.

MARION STEINMANN

Stamp out Jotter snitching!



Give her the new Parker Compact Jotter ball pen for girl-size hands.



It writes as long
as our man-size Jotter.

Ladies who "borrow" gentlemen's Parker Jotters can now be curbed and coddled at the same time.

Their ladylike hands will delight in the new Compact Jotter. It's smaller, daintier, a joy to write with.

Yet the Compact Jotter has the same giant ink supply as our man-size Jotter!

Stainless steel in Parker's new writing point gives you a clean, clear line up to 80,000 words without refilling. Choice of four point sizes, too.

Same famous-value price: only \$1.98.

The new Compact is guaranteed to cure a Jotter Snitcher and still keep her happy.



PARKER

Makers of the world's most wanted pens

Visit the Parker Pavilion at the New York World's Fair

by DORA JANE
HAMBLIN

Two small boys out for a Sunday stroll in Philadelphia a few weeks ago spotted a pleasant-looking lady pattering around with the plants in her front garden. The smaller of the boys, after a whispered consultation with his brother, approached and asked, "Are you Mrs. Stout?"

The woman straightened and asked one of her favorite questions: "Why?"

Two burly men lurking in the living room of her tidy brick house watched through the window but did not reach for their weapons. A well-dressed little boy of 4, they reasoned, would hardly be armed.

"My brother says that you put bad boys in jail," said the youngster.

"Is that so?" the woman asked. She was about to continue the conversation but just then her six-foot husband appeared, and he laughed.

"Those kids," he said, "have got the message."

The boys walked on, abashed, the tall young men relaxed and the woman said ruefully, "Now I'm a bogeyman."

Juanita Kidd Stout, 46, was never cut out to be a bogeyman. She's a little bit of a thing, seeming even smaller than her 5 feet 3, with a high, girlish voice and a wide-open smile. She goes in for elegant, expensive suits and sling-back pumps, and bowling. But she also has the stamina and the stern convictions of a circuit-riding preacher. To her, sloth is a mortal sin, a grammatical error like "had went" is as offensive as "God damn," and truancy is very nearly as bad as murder "because it is the forerunner of all the trouble."

Under ordinary circumstances this combination of personal qualities and opinions certainly wouldn't frighten small children or catapult Mrs. Stout to national attention. The difference is that she is a judge, a Negro (the first elected Negro woman judge in the U.S.), and she has lately been sitting in the juvenile court in Philadelphia. From the eminence of the bench she has lambasted everyone who falls short of her own strong moral code.

It is not perhaps surprising that almost everyone she encounters in court falls short of it. The surprising thing has been the result of her outspokenness. In less than three months she panicked the state legislature into going ahead with long-dormant plans to build

a new juvenile detention center and—since that will take time—into appropriating \$400,000 immediately to convert an old Marine Corps barracks into a temporary facility. She has become Horatius at the Bridge to thousands of citizens who bury her in fan mail (1,000 letters a month, overwhelmingly favorable) and Simon Legree to the Philadelphia branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, which feels she pays insufficient attention to the constitutional niceties in meting out her swift justice. She has also had so many threats on her life that she now has a 24-hour-a-day police bodyguard.

"I don't understand it," she complained one night last month as she turned down five more speaking engagements, put the

day's mail in a suitcase and assured her bodyguards that she'd be ready to go home in a minute. "I haven't done anything different from before; I haven't said anything different."

Not for her she hasn't, but her outspoken advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues and of hickory-stick justice has clearly touched a nerve in the American body civic.

Judge Stout packs young car thieves off with a stern "In my mind there is no such thing as a 'joy ride'; theft is theft!"—and a mighty cheer goes up from parents, car owners and the police. She attacks the welfare system: "I

deplore a system that regards the indiscriminate handing out of checks as its prime function, that subsidizes the lazy and immoral

home with the taxpayer's dollar"—and she gets a flood of mail from like-minded citizens, including some welfare workers. She lectures young Negroes who persistently refuse to go to school:

"If you can't get a job because you aren't prepared, that is *not* discrimination"—and the huzzas ring from the Negro leadership.

"The alternative to toughness is surrender," says Her Honor. "Are we going to turn this country over to cheaters and 14-year-old illiterates armed with bicycle chains?"

Philadelphia has been listening to this kind of talk ever since she mounted the bench (bringing along three pillows so she could see over the top of it) and began handing out a series of stiff and occasionally imaginative sentences in



When Judge Stout leans forward to address an offender, her eyes snap, her high-pitched voice drops half an octave and she seems a lot larger and more menacing than a lady of 5 foot 3 normally seems.

Juanita Stout stirs up Philadelphia

Her Honor Bops the Hoodlums

CONTINUED

The Second Best Shape in Italy

at the coolest little figure in its class—\$2639.* That's all the money you part with for all this car, the Fiat 1500 Spider. Styled by Pininfarina, the romantic web it spins is captivating America. It's dynamic outside and a dynamo inside—a perfect expression of Italy's fabled creative energy and inspired art. Lean into a curve with Fiat's curves and know what it's like to drive this five forward-speed sportsman's dream. And to help you keep it humming, there are 425 parts-and-service centers in the U.S.A. This new five-speed Spider **FIAT** is waiting for you at your Fiat dealer. So what are you waiting for? *Always have at least one*

*Suggested price p.o.s. New York. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Fiat dealer. Overseas delivery through dealers and travel agents, or write Fiat Motor Co., Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10036





Our midget brewery

Contrary to what you may have heard, a midget brewery does not turn out short beers.

We use ours to test beer ingredients. Even the smallest variation in these ingredients can make a big change in the beer. By running small test batches through our tiny pilot brewery first, we can keep the taste of Schlitz uniformly good from glass to glass. And then pass the good word along to our life-size breweries.

For a couple million dollars, you could probably set up a midget brewery like ours in a corner of your basement. But why bother, when you can get real gusto all over town.

Schlitz—the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous...simply because it tastes so good



CONTINUED

every division of county court from criminal to civil to domestic relations to juvenile. (She once sentenced a 15-year-old, accused of having beaten up an Italian boy, to write a 3,000-word theme on "Contributions of citizens of French, German, Russian, Ukrainian, Negro and Italian descent to American culture in fields of music, literature, politics and business.")

Judge Stout was appointed to the court in the autumn of 1959 and two months later won 10-year tenure by running for the office and clobbering her opponent, Republican Clifford Scott Green, almost two-to-one. She praised Green throughout the campaign and told voters she would vote for him herself "if I weren't running." ("Mama always said to me, 'Remember, Juanita, there are no big I's and little u's.'") Then she proceeded to astonish old courthouse hands by working day and night. An early riser, she studies cases from 6 a.m. until time to go into court at 10 a.m., and often wears out double shifts of court employees by sitting for seven consecutive hours, then going back to her chambers to prepare next day's chores. A specialist in legal research, she has won a reputation for relative infallibility: of 15 appeals made from her judicial decisions, only one has been reversed by a higher court.

She didn't burst on the national scene, however, until this spring when a series of actions brought her widespread publicity. First, seven Negro boys tried to rape a white girl on the subway tracks in Philadelphia. The case made headlines because a white sailor from Atlanta rushed to the girl's rescue and became a hero. Judge Stout tried the boys swiftly and within 24 hours of their arrest had given them the toughest sentences in her power—up to six years. "I think 'rape today, jail tomorrow' might have a deterrent effect," she announced. The very next day she packed off five more boys for a similar offense and 10 days later put away another six for being involved in a shooting and stabbing. The gangs struck back. On March 16, the phone rang in the anteroom of the judge's chambers in the county court building, and a male voice asked for Judge Stout. Deputy Sheriff William DiMarino, who was on court duty at the time, said she was busy and asked if there was a message. "Tell her if she sends any more of my boys to jail, I'll get her," said the voice. The caller identified himself as a member of the Black Bottom gang.

DiMarino reported the call to the sheriff and to Judge Stout. Within hours the judge ordered the Black Bottoms rounded up. Nine of them appeared before her two days later, charged—among other things—with making threats and obscene phone calls. In 10 minutes Her Honor had disposed of all nine—consigning them to indeterminate terms in detention centers. In the next two weeks there were three more phone calls and seven letters, threatening everything from bombs to guns to miscellaneous violence. Judge Stout was more scandalized by the grammar than by the threats.

"I wish you could have seen those letters!" she rages. "They couldn't even spell!" Then she thundered from the bench that, to

The first day deputies confiscated seven pairs of scissors, seven files, an 18-inch dog chain, two razored twine cutters, two knives, two puncture-type coin openers and a pair of tweezers. A few days later an anonymous caller phoned the courthouse and announced that there was a bomb hidden in the basement and set to blow everybody into a better world at 3:30 p.m. "Please," he said to the deputy sheriff who answered the phone, "I am not kidding." Judge Stout ordered the courthouse cleared and 400 employees went home.

Despite the threats nothing has blown up to date except the American Civil Liberties Union, which sees in Judge Stout a personification of all the pitfalls of the Ameri-

him. In so doing, she again incurred the wrath of the ACLU by extracting a public promise from the youngster that he would identify members of a rival gang so that she could go after them. The ACLU and the youngster's lawyer complained that this public promise invited retaliation on the part of the rival gang and might threaten the boy's life.

"I make mistakes," Her Honor said in discussing the whole case. "Everyone does. You can't get through 100 of these cases in a day without making them. But you can sure try to get your best."

The ACLU got so exercised about the whole affair that its local executive director fired off form letters to members of the Philadel-



It was 'Juanita, you study' and 'Juanita, you be good'

Mary A. Kidd, the judge's mother, is a widow of 82 and lives now with her sister in a white-painted frame house in Wewaka, Okla., the town where Juanita was raised. She dreams of her growing daughter: "Juanita, you study," "Juanita, you be good."

prevent violence on the streets during the summer, she would lock up 1,000 of Philadelphia's troublesome teen-agers, if necessary on the vague charge of "delinquency," in order to get them into detention homes where they would be forced to study.

Pennsylvania officials told all the way to the state legislature what she realized there was no place to put that number of youths if they were rounded up reacted as if it had been touched by a live wire.

The alarmed sheriff's office threw an additional 10 deputies around her courtroom and chambers, and the Juvenile Aid Division of the Philadelphia police assigned teams of men to guard her house and her person around the clock. The judge herself ordered that all persons entering her courtroom be searched.

can juvenile-court system in general. Juveniles are tried under laws that were drawn up originally to protect them from harsh procedures designed for adult criminals and from the stigma of having committed a crime. But in practice the system withholds from juveniles many things which constitute "due process" in other courts: legal counsel, the right to cross-examine, automatic review, etc. The ACLU accused Judge Stout of taking advantage of the situation and using "kangaroo court" tactics in her handling of the matter of the telephone threat and the Black Bottoms, and they helped round up legal aid for a rehearing in the cases of three of the defendants. Judge Stout accepted the rehearing and in the case of one boy reversed her previous judgment and released

him protesting Judge Stout's "swift justice"—and got back so many blasts from local lawyers that he had to prepare another form letter, which began, "I am sorry that our criticism of Judge Stout has upset you. . . ."

"The only foe I have seems to be the Civil Liberties Union," says the judge. "And you know, I like those people. I like most of the things they do."

Their opinion actually bothers her as little as do the threats on her life. Because Juanita Kidd Stout is afraid of only one person in the world, and she seeks the ultimate approval of only one person—her 82-year-old mother back in Oklahoma. Nowadays, leaning back in a chair after a hard day in court and on the luncheon-speaking circuit, she orders a dry

martini (with a whole bowl of green olives on the side, a personal idiosyncrasy which turns a martini into a sort of marinated olive salad), glances at her attendant bodyguards and says, "I really don't think anybody around here would kill me." Then, under her breath she mutters, "But Mary A. Kidd would, if she saw me drinking."

Mary A. Kidd and her husband Henry were both schoolteachers near Wewoka, Okla. When their only child Juanita was born in 1919, theirs was a sober, upstanding household in which a little girl learned to be obedient, studious and unaware of any possible handicaps such as color.

"They never said 'colored' or 'white' to me," the judge recalls, "until one day, when I was little, a man came to the door. I went and told Mama a man wanted to see her and she forgot for a minute and said, 'Is he white or colored?' I said, 'Mama, I don't know.'"

Mama had taught her to read by the time she was 3, and the combined efforts of Mama, her father and an unmarried uncle provided funds to send Juanita off to college, first in Missouri and then to the University of Iowa. She was a music major then, and she went back to Oklahoma to teach. She married a colleague named Charles Otis Stout and, when he went off to the army in World War II, she did government work. Not until the war was over and Otis decided to go back to school on the GI bill and get his doctorate in vocational education and guidance did Juanita think seriously of studying law. ["I think I always wanted to be a lawyer, but I didn't know for a long time that *girls* could be lawyers."] She and Otis went to the University of Indiana and she plunged into her life's work.

All through those struggling years she had behind her the towering memory of Mama repeating over and over, "Juanita, you *study*," and "Juanita, you be good," and above all, "Juanita, be useful."

It is, admittedly, the translated voice of Mary A. Kidd which speaks today from the bench in Philadelphia. Juanita, childless after 23 years of marriage, has appointed herself as the stern but loving mother to all who come her way.

"I'll be the bogeyman if it will help," Judge Stout says. "But I could cry over some of these children. They have brains in their heads. If they used the energy they put into the gangs, one of them

might grow up and cure cancer someday."

She clings to this idea while sitting in juvenile court. In some boys, barely into their teens, accused of rape or assault with a deadly weapon, girls of the same age hauled in for purse-snatching or knifing, kids of 10 and 11 who help steal cars and who never go to school. The judge, severe in her black robes, her voice lowered half an octave to be more impressive, glances at records of the children's previous arrests and asks police officers what happened.

"Did you do that?" she asks the young defendants. Mostly they say that they didn't. "Do you go to school?" she asks next. Mostly

I went to college, I had to go all the way to Missouri because that was the nearest place I could live in a dormitory, and Mama said a 16-year-old girl should live in a dormitory."

A young man accused of burglary shuffles up to the bench, is instructed by court officials to take his hands out of his pockets and stand up straight.

"Did you do it?"

"Well, umm . . ." the boy replies. He has a lawyer, and the lawyer points out that it is a first offense.

"I do not believe in probation for a first offense," says the judge. "You are going to the Youth Study Center for a weekend to

and who might have other things to do. The social worker points out that the children find it difficult to stay at home and study because the house is overcrowded, the mother works.

"I will put you on probation if you will mind your mother and go to school," says the judge, leveling her pencil at them. ["There's a lot of nonsense about privilege and lack of it. We didn't have inside plumbing until I was 13, because there wasn't any electricity in the house to pump the water. Was that 'inadequate housing'? I didn't hear an opera until I was at the University of Iowa. Was that being 'culturally deprived'?"]

'I'll be a bogeyman if it will help'



A dance given by his fraternity provides Otis and Juanita Stout with a rare evening together. He is professor of economics at the University of Maryland.

they say they do. First-time visitors to the court tend to believe them; the judge doesn't, because she knows better. "May I hear their records?" she asks of the Philadelphia school board representative who sits daily in the city's juvenile court.

"Your Honor," the representative begins, "Charlie has been absent for 43 days this semester, has been tardy 10 times . . ."

The judge looks down again: "Why?" "I go up to my friend's house."

"Do you call someone who would keep you away from school a friend? Why won't you go to school? What will you be when you grow up?" ["I had to go 10 miles away to school because Oklahoma was segregated. When

think it over." "I got a lot of spankings in my life, and I deserved them all. I think spankings may have been as important to me as a college education."]

Youngsters involved in a purse-snatching come in, line up and undergo stern scrutiny. The judge hasn't had any lunch, the court reporter is munching a tuna fish salad sandwich with one hand and punching the keys of his shorthand machine with the other. The judge is hearing the case before recess as a courtesy to a social worker who is with the children

Suddenly there is a parade of witnesses into the courtroom, at least 40 of them, well dressed and attentive and worried. They are character witnesses for a young man who stole a car and smashed it up. He is there too, with a lawyer, two ministers, a high school teacher, his mother and grandmother. The lawyer approaches the bench to ask for probation for his client. The boy stole the car all right, the lawyer says, but now he's sorry and all these people want to testify to his good character and his good intentions. Judge Stout asks the minister and the teacher and the mother to speak. She asks the young man if he intends to go to school and pass all his subjects and get a job and pay back the damages as rapidly as he can. He says he does. Then the judge leans forward, and the courtroom gets very quiet.

"Look at your mother," she says. The boy does. "Now look at your grandmother." He does. "Aren't you ashamed?" asks the judge, her voice low in the quiet room. ["No, I don't think my mother is particularly proud of me. She brought me up right, and she never expected any less."]

The tall boy begins to cry and someone reaches for his arm.

"Let him cry!" the judge orders sharply. "We must all learn that there are tears in this world." ["I don't remember being bugged by anything that happened to me in school. Oh, I had to use the swimming pool at different hours from the white girls. . . . I remember, my best friend at the University of Iowa said I was the first Negro she had ever known, and I thought to myself, 'What a burden! For her I must represent the whole race.'"]

Every now and then, in the rapid procession of tall, short, surly, frightened and pathetic youngsters the judge gets mixed up on which case is which and has to be corrected by court employees. Occasionally she seems even more hasty than the terrible pressures of the

CONTINUED



Now Dial comes in white.

Pink, aqua and gold too. Take your pick. They're all Dial,
the most effective deodorant soap you can buy.

Aren't you glad you use
Dial soap!
(don't you wish everybody did?)





POWERFULLY SMOOTH

with the ride that feels like a car...the Six that feels like an Eight

You've never ridden in any pickup with as much car-like comfort as this smooth-performing new Ford.

Its secret: two front axles—a Ford exclusive—that work independently to make the roughest roads ride far more smoothly.

Even on the best of highways, you'll enjoy the

unique ride of Ford's Twin-I-Beam suspension. Gone completely is all riding harshness and pitch.

You'll like the new, surer handling, too. This truck corners without mushing out—brakes to sudden stops without the usual dipping or diving.

Ford's new seven-main-bearing Sixes have the

feel of a smooth-stroking Eight—the traditional economy of a thrifty Six. Or you can have a new 352-cubic-inch V-8, most powerful pickup engine Ford has ever built...surprisingly economical too.

Go see—go drive—this powerfully smooth new pickup at your Ford dealer's!

'65 FORD



PICKUPS

BUILT TO LAST LONGER



Reason for Ford's smooth ride is exclusive new front suspension with two front axles. Each works independently so that shocks at one wheel are not transmitted to the other. Axles are forged I-beams as used in big-truck axles. Result: big-truck durability with car-like ride.

PRODUCTS OF



WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

'Children are tired of being failures'

JUDGE STOUT CONTINUED

court demand, and now and then her manner implies that a decent home can be conjured out of sheer will power—hers.

Some of the lawyers who represent juveniles in Judge Stout's court make no secret of their opinion that the judge is unusually tough on kids because she has none of her own. The judge denies this and makes no secret of her sense of personal loss. "Of course I wanted children, what woman doesn't? But you don't necessarily have to have them to love them or understand them." ["I remember when I was a teacher, I'd grade the papers and then go back and pull out the ones of the children I didn't particularly like, and add five or 10 points to the grade I had given her, just to be sure I hadn't been unfair because I didn't like them."]

Because Pennsylvania, like most states, has persistently failed to provide adequate detention and testing and rehabilitation facilities for its young delinquents, Judge Stout and her companions on the juvenile bench constantly run out of places to put young miscreants once they are found guilty. Juvenile crimes rose 27% in Pennsylvania from 1963 to 1964, and are still rising. State facilities for delinquents are already, according to a survey Judge Stout made, 41% overcrowded. Since there is obviously no place to put them all, the judge resorts to scare tactics in both directions. "My bark, honey, is terrible!" she says with pride. "I never intended to arrest those 1,000 youngsters and send them to jail," she admits. "But I had to dramatize the need somehow."

She put the fear of God into one bunch of teen-age girls accused of attempting to knife an erstwhile friend: "I'll either send you to jail or insist that you fulfill this sentence," she said. The sentence was to 1) beautify one room in their homes, spending no more than \$5; 2) grow a plant from seed or from a bulb; 3) make a skirt, emphasizing proper fit because "too many rascals go around with skirts that are too tight"; 4) write 2,000 words on "what a young lady should be." The latter request elicited from the girls such revealing remarks as "A young lady should not be in the company of hoodlums, or carry deadly weapons. . . ." And "A young lady should never be found in alleys, on street corners, in a penitentiary, in a prison, in a jail, in bars. . . ."

"Permissiveness is the problem—permissiveness at home, in the schools, in the courts. These children deserve better than that."

None of these girls has been in trouble since. One finished high school, got a job as a nurse's aide and calls Juanita Stout "the most wonderful person I ever met."

"These children are tired of being failures," says Judge Stout. "If you can scare them into one success—one passing grade, one improvement—they walk back in here with a light in their eyes. Even the ones I send out to have their hair cut—I hate these Beatle cuts or whatever they are—come back in looking a bit proud of themselves."

Judge Stout is good at dramatizing needs, but every now and again she goes so far that even her most ardent admirers blanch. Her mildest proposal to date is that mothers of more than two illegitimate children should be declared "unfit," the children removed from the home to be raised by the state, and all aid to the mother cut off until she can prove she is capable of maintaining a "decent home." This one appalls many who hear it, but the judge repeats it cheerfully at every appropriate moment.

On the other hand, pride and achievement, or even the first feeble gestures in that direction are now so notoriously commendable in her courtroom that the premises are crowded daily with sweaty-handed juveniles clutching hammered copper plaques, and the aisles are cluttered with dazed-looking mothers insisting that all they, too, really want is for junior to go to school and be a good boy. Judge Stout is neither fooled nor impressed, but she is prepared to cooperate.

"If you can keep up like this, both of you," she says, making "both" sound like the only reprieve from a 10-year stretch in Leavenworth. "I'll put you on probation and see you here again in a month." If the mother thinks she isn't on probation right along with the juvenile offender in the judge's mind, she has another think coming.

Juanita Stout's rampant urge to reform is not limited to juvenile court, which she freely admits she loathes: "My mind can't take it, my emotions can't take it." She is hell-bent to save the transgressor from himself and wherever she finds him, and also—a very

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

J&B is a remarkable scotch. With a special quality that sets it apart.

Try it tonight.



the others are not **J&B** rare
scotch
whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST—WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

J & B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.



"WORLD'S FINEST" 46 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PARRINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 23, NEW YORK

CONTINUED



Hotpoint

60TH ANNIVERSARY

TRADE-IN JUBILEE

Outstanding trade-in allowances,
low sale prices—
buy Hotpoint now and save!

New Hotpoint 20.8 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator, less than a yard wide!

Only 35¾" wide, 65½" high and 25" deep—fits in the space of your old refrigerator. The big No-Frost freezer section on the left has 6 freezer shelves, plus 7 more in the door—makes frozen foods easy to get at. The big No-Frost refrigerator features 2 butter compartments, cheese keeper, 2 removable egg trays, plus an exclusive sliding adjustable shelf. And the whole unit rolls out on wheels so you can clean behind it. Don't tear up your kitchen to get more freezer-refrigerator space. Check this new Hotpoint "21"—and the terrific trade-in allowance on your old refrigerator—at your dealer's today.



Hotpoint 13.7 cu. ft. no-frost refrigerator-freezer rolls out on wheels

Deluxe 2-door model has porcelain enamel swing-out vegetable crisper, porcelain enamel meat keeper, separate cheese keeper, new step-shelf for flexible storage, and UNDER more. Great trade-in allowance, too. **\$349***



Hotpoint 15-lb. washer does two loads of wash at once

This 2-speed washer does in one load what your old machine takes two to do! A bigger tub, more horsepower and stronger parts get 15-lb. loads really clean. Yet it washes 2-lb. loads without extra attachments. All porcelain finish, outside and in, at no extra cost. Trade now, save! **UNDER \$220*** Matching dryer model LB570, under \$150*

Hotpoint range with removable Teflon® coated oven walls

Has Hotpoint's patented no-scour oven, yet it's priced lower than most hard-to-clean ranges. Just slide out the oven walls, wipe them clean at the sink or at the range. This range also features automatic oven timer, rotisserie and glass door. 40" model RC450 **UNDER also sale priced. \$250*** Trade now, save!



Hotpoint appliances are backed by a written 90-day replacement guarantee of satisfaction, in addition to the standard product warranty against defects.

*See your participating Hotpoint dealer for his prices and trade-in allowances. Prices higher in Hawaii.



Hotpoint

first with the features women want most
A Division of General Electric Company • Chicago, Illinois 60644

Save on these special values
at your Hotpoint dealer listed below

Hotpoint
60TH ANNIVERSARY
**TRADE-IN
JUBILEE**

NORTH CAROLINA
ASHERBORO
 Lowe's Asherboro Home
 1000 N. Salisbury
 Lowe's Asheville Home-
 3000 N. Salisbury
BENSON
 Hotland Furniture Co.
BOONE
 Lowe's of Boone, Inc.
CHARLOTTE
 Discount Furniture Sales
 K-Mart
 Lowe's Home Elec. Appl.
 CHARLOTTE
 K-Mart
 Lowe's Charlotte
 K-Mart
CLINTON
 Williams & Morrow
 Lowe's K-Mart
 & Bldg. Supply Ctr.
HIGH POINT
 H. E. Hall Furniture Co.
CRAFAMTON
 Williams & Morrow

Reliable Furniture Co.
 Danen's Furniture & Elec.
 McGRATH
 England & Ferguson
WILMINGTON
 Lowe's
 Wilbershoe Home
PRINCETON
 Carolina Home Sales
RALEIGH
 Lowe's
 Home, Inc.
 Stephens Appl. Co., Inc.
 Yanna Lumber
 A Bldg. Supr. Ctr.
ROCKFORD
 Andrews Home & Apts.
REDSVILLE
 Williams & Morrow
 Plumbing
ROSELAND
 Fitts Carpeting Electric
ROBBINS
 Williams & Morrow

Appliance Sales, Center
CHARLESTON
Albright's, Inc. Co.,
Wicks-Ross
LAWRENCE HTS.
Lewin's
Lynch's
M. Charleston, Inc.
Taylor Furniture Co.
N. CHARLESTON
Wicks-Ross
CHESTER
Barnes, Home & Auto
Columbia
Appliance Sales, Center
Wicks-Ross
DALLAS
Wicks-Vincent Lumber
DESP. & S. Lumber Co.
DARLINGTON
Bee-Stimpson Co.
DECATUR
Brookline Furniture Co.
DILLO
Pope Furniture Co.
GAINESVILLE
GARRETT
CANNA
State Lumber Tr.

to a speaking engagement or conference or the award from some other organization. Though calls are screened for threats, the phone is usually. ("I used to have a number, and I used to do it again. But it's quite right. If you're able to jail, you can phone so they can call

And yet she is
ing restlessness
ness creeps in
as it does some-
the old days
were teaching
scribing all
graduate schol-
it is for the
she worked a
for the district
Philadelphia

is aware of a growth and when wistful about the judge's voice, sometimes, it is not for when she and Otis go to school together, or to get through together. Instead of "olden days" when a fledgling lawyer in an attorney's office in the late '50s.

JUDGE STOUT CONTINUED

important corollary—to protect the innocent from the machinations of the wicked.

About a year ago she was taking her turn in civil court in Philadelphia (the county's 14 judges sit in rotation in the court's seven divisions) when she happened to get a series of cases involving fraud and misrepresentation of fact.

"I was just furious, the things they do to people who don't understand the small print," she says. "Right about then I had lunch with some people from one of the TV stations, and they asked me for ideas for public service programs. Well, those awful fraud cases popped into my mind, and the next thing I knew I was doing an eight-week series of short shows on TV. We called the series 'Beware of the Dotted Line.'" The series caused so much commotion that Judge Stout wound up as a member of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests.

Even that didn't seem quite enough to her, especially on the morning she got a telephone call from someone who purported to be selling brand-name rugs door to door at discount prices.

"I listened to his spiel and told him he should come, and then I called the rug company and asked if they were selling door to door," she recalls. "They weren't. I didn't think so. This character was falsely representing a quality product and probably selling trash. So I asked the rug company to send me a representative who could pose as my insurance dealer or something. Then I called the police and asked them if they could send me a tall, handsome Negro officer who could pose as my brother. I put on my slacks and a couple of curlers and posed as a housewife. That fraudulent salesman arrived, we listened to his spiel, and then we got him for misrepresentation."

Today, perhaps inevitably, Juanita Stout is locked in the loneliness of achievement. Almost every lunch, every dinner, is committed to a speaking engagement or a conference or the acceptance of an award from some organization or another. Though her telephone calls are screened because of the threats, the phone rings constantly. ("I used to have an unlisted number, and I guess I'll have to do it again. But it doesn't seem quite right. If you're sending people to jail, you ought to have a phone so they can call up and have

you let them out if they make their bail, or something.")

The Stouts never have entertained much, despite Juanita's reputation as one of the finest cooks around. "She's a better cook, even, than she is a lawyer," says her husband, Andy. And they seldom take vacations because Juanita has always said, "There isn't anything better than practicing law. If I were born again 10,000 times, I'd still want to be a lawyer." Now the pressures of public attention have become so heavy that they have almost stopped bowling or playing bridge. All week Otis Stout is Dean of Mechanical Industries in Maryland State College, in Princess Anne, Md., and drives the 143 miles to Philadelphia each week. For the time he finds Juanita up to her ears in weekend speeches and appointments. Last May it got so bad that she actually played hooky from one conference and canceled a speaking engagement because it was Otis's annual fraternal dinner dance. "I had a feeling if I didn't go, there'd be something about a divorce," she says. (Stout's own conviction of a heart attack, is now convalescing in Philadelphia.)

Those who know Judge Stout best tend to believe that she is wasted in county court and that she should be in some more scholarly area of the law. An early Philadelphia associate says, "If I were governor of this state and wanted to make myself real big, I'd appoint her the first woman judge of the state supreme court." Other channels for her energies and talents have had no apparent attraction. After President Kennedy appointed her as one of the nation's official delegates to the independence ceremonies in Kenya in 1963, it was Judge Stout's first trip outside the U.S., where she was asked about an ambassadorship for her. She squelched them, partly on the grounds that "ambassadorships are for when you're older."

And yet she is aware of a growing restlessness, and when wistfulness creeps into the judge's voice, as it does sometimes, it is not for the old days when she and Otis were teaching school together, or scrimping along to get through graduate school together. Instead it is for the "golden days" when she worked as a fledgling lawyer for the district attorney's office in Philadelphia during the late '50s.

CONTINUED



Just a scratch, but......it could have become serious if it hadn't been given prompt attention. When you need to heal the hurt in a hurry, it's comforting to know you can rely on nationally known drugs and remedies—the ones Advertised-in-LIFE.

Your druggist is sure to have these famous brands because your drug wholesaler respects them and makes certain he has a supply to meet any emergency. The wholesaler knows that the famous drug manufacturers who advertise in LIFE have devoted years and millions of dollars in research to develop and perfect their products.

Because drug advertisers invest so much in LIFE, it's the perfect place to read about these reliable brands. Then when you need drugs and remedies you can depend on, choose with confidence from the many fine brands you see Advertised-in-LIFE.

ADVERTISED IN
LIFE

Public approval—and private frustration

JUDGE STOUT CONTINUED

Taken on as a "workhorse" lawyer who would beat her brains out to clear up the backlog of cases, Lawyer Stout was so efficient that she wound up head of the division of appeals, pardons and paroles, with seven male lawyers and three secretaries on her staff.

"Those were the happiest days of my life," she recalls. "I had never written a brief or made an appellate argument, and I was getting up at 4 in the morning every day—I mean every day, Saturdays, Sundays, holidays—to study and work and do research. Now, after all that work, do you think I want to spend my time in juvenile court being a substitute mama or some kind of social worker?"

Standing now at a pinnacle of public approval and private frustration, she just plain can't decide where to go. And sometimes the strain shows through.

"She never used to look even a bit tired back when she was with the D.A.," said a city hall old-timer as the judge left her chambers. "She'd hole up there in the law library until all hours and come out all covered with dust and pencil marks and looking as happy as if she'd had a weekend in the country."

"I suppose I did," the judge agreed slowly, late one night. "I expect he's right. I want to get back to legal research and opinion writing. Society goes charging ahead of its laws, and judges often find themselves trying to apply old laws to new situations and, on occasion, find themselves faced with new situations for which there is no precedent, no law on the books—situations in which there is a legal vacuum. Laws therefore need constant interpretation and reinterpretation."

Her judicial voice rose with her enthusiasm and she laughed. "I have written many opinions of first impression [the lawyer's term for arriving at new interpretations of existing law]. I've done all of the research myself—not because we don't have competent law clerks but because it is such a joy to fashion new legal theory that will serve people, that will make for the over-all good and be useful to American society."

"Useful," Judge Stout repeated. "That's a word Mary A. Kidd really likes."

At the end of day in court, Judge Stout waits for elevator in Philadelphia city hall with two bodyguards. They will drive her home in an unmarked police car.



**America
never looked better**



See America in your automobile. See such sights as our nation's Capitol, Washington Monument, Iwo Jima Marine Memorial. See them all clearly through a windshield of L-O-F Laminated Safety Plate Glass

And if you're bothered by sun heat and glare, Libbey-Owens-Ford can even help you there - with windshields of tinted and shaded Safety Plate Glass.

Look for this trademark

You'll find L-O-F Safety Glass in more cars than any other kind. Ask for it if



you need to have glass replaced. You'll discover America never looked better.

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Toledo, Ohio



Encrusted with meringue, Natalie Wood (top) takes aim on Jack Lemmon, scores a hit. At right, in over-all

battle scene, Lemmon is at far left in raspberry, Curtis at top in lemon, and Natalie in a baker's dozen of flavors.

MOVIES

Greatest pie

It starts quietly when Jack Lemmon, playing the world's meanest villain, takes refuge in a \$12 million film called *The Great Race*, directed by Blake Edwards (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *The Pink Panther*) who is a worshipful student of the old silent-film sight gag. In *Race*,

the most stupendous pie throwing fight of all time is underway.

The fight takes place in a \$12 million film called *The Great Race*, directed by Blake Edwards (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *The Pink Panther*) who is a worshipful student of the old silent-film sight gag. In *Race*,



fight ever creates a horrendous

he pits dastardly Lemmon against Tony Curtis, playing the world's greatest hero. Both are careening around the world in antique autos, trying to win the affection of Natalie Wood, cigar-smoking reporter. The pie fight, which runs only four minutes on screen, took five days

to shoot and used 4,000 real cream pies—mostly strawberry, blueberry and lemon, all colorful flavors. Edwards finally yelled "Cut," and the whole messy cast of actors turned on him and smothered him with a couple of hundred pies they had stashed away for their revenge.

SPLAAT!





We're 'weaving' tomorrow's phone service

Many people think that Western Electric's main job is to make Bell telephones.

But we spend much more time making the things behind your telephone — like the electronic memory device shown above. It is part of an amazing new Electronic Switching System we are currently building for use in the Bell System nationwide communications network.

It may seem strange that in the modern world of electronics things are still made by hand. But consider the task: more than a thousand feet of fine wire must be threaded

through 62,208 holes to complete just one of these memory units.

While this careful "weaving" is going on, marvelous machines are making other electronic devices for electronic switching. One example: complete circuits are automatically fabricated inside a machine that approximates the vacuum found in outer space.

The point is this: it is our job, in manufacturing new communications products for the Bell System, to find the best way to make them to the highest standards of quality. At the

same time we must keep the costs down. And once a process is perfected, we must develop and install highly efficient production lines to make these new products in sufficient quantities to meet growing nationwide communications needs.

In a nutshell, this is one way we join your Bell telephone company in bringing you the world's finest communications at low cost.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LISTO
MARKING PENCIL 27¢
Write on Everything!
AT VARIETY, GROCERY & STATIONERY STORES

Fliteline
"the luggage that travels first class"
FLITELINE LUGGAGE
505 Fifth Avenue (10th floor), New York 10, N.Y.

DON'T BE FOOLISH!
If you have seat belts,
use them!
They can and do save lives every
day! So, every time you drive, use
your seat belts and...
BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY!
Published to save lives in co-operation
with The Advertising Council
and The National Safety Council.



for a whiter white

Don't settle for "off-white" or
"streaky-white"—insist on **san-
white**, the brilliant, rub-off-resist-
ant white shoe polish that covers
in just one application. Fast choice
of nurses because it's non-toxic,
harmless for babies. Destroys
odors, too! A truly great whiter!

san-white®
POLISH
for all white shoes • Good Housekeeping
Product
EXCELLENT FOR
CORFAM

WRITE FOR YOUR BOOKLET
HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH, INC., JAMAICA 19, N.Y.
SKINNY?
AMAZING NEW EASY WAY HELPS PUT ON
POUNDS & INCHES FIRM SLEIGH...FAST!
If you are dissatisfied with your skin and
underweight because of your appetite or
your eating habits, come to WATE-ON. We
help you to weight building without the
harmful, dangerous, energy depleting
drugs and diets. We have a new, safe,
firm solid flesh or inner body. Fast
results appear in 10 to 15 weeks and are
permanent. Your own results may be the
answer. Join the WATE-ON service
team and you will receive a booklet that
helps you build up your body. It's a
booklet that is due to thousands. Wate-ON
will send you a booklet for free. Write to:
Wate-ON, Department, Baltimore and District. Don't be
slow. Ask or demand.

WATE-ON CHOLESTEROL, FINE... \$2.95
100% PURE, 100%...
SUPER WATE-ON... \$2.95

PIE FIGHT CONTINUED



**'It's All
Very Scientific'**

I got to be a familiar sight on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank, Blake Edwards, the slim, boyish-looking director of *The Great Race*, would hurry across the manicured lawns, cut through the hibiscus, stride into the executive suites and the inner sanctum of Jack L. Warner.

"Colonel," the director would say, craftily addressing the boss by his Air Force Reserve rank, "how's your money holding out?" "Oh, lord," Warner would reply, his head in his hands. "How much is it going to cost me this time, you no-good hum?"

Edwards would then recite his speech: "You know, Colonel," he began this time, "we have a scene where Jack Lemmon gets his fingers caught in the periscope of the submarine? And, later on, he tries to drink a glass of wine, but his thumbs are all wrapped up in band-aids and he gets his thumb in his

Edwards shows Natalie Wood the expression he wants as he watches two men fight over her.

mouth and spills the wine down his shirt front?"

Warner nodded. "Well, Colonel," said Edwards, "I think we can slip in a big laugh, if just before the wine drinking scene we have Lemmon trying to play a great big console organ with his thumbs all wrapped up in thick bandages. Get it?"

Warner remarked, "I got it," then was silent for a moment. "But," he exploded, "we don't have a great big console organ, and we don't want to build a great big console organ. You want to spend a hundred thousand more dollars just for one more gag?"

Edwards kicked his foot into the carpet. Then he took the offensive again. "Hell, Colonel," he said, "we've already spent 10 million,

CONTINUED

Rearing back, Edwards shows Tony Curtis how he wants a punch thrown in a bar brawl sequence.



**Can you
answer these questions
about Blue Shield?**



Are all Blue Shield Programs approved by local medical societies?

☐ Yes ☐ No

Yes. Each Blue Shield Program is approved by a local or state medical society—a fact that helps members preserve a free choice of physician; helps maintain confidential physician-patient relationship.



Do all Blue Shield Programs cost the same?

☐ Yes ☐ No

No. Your rates for Blue Shield coverage are determined by medical-surgical costs in your particular area—not by what this care happens to cost elsewhere.

How many people now have Blue Shield Protection?

Over 51 million Americans now have Blue Shield. To find out some of the reasons for this preference, clip the coupon below.

BLUE SHIELD 
for doctor bills

☐ NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BLUE SHIELD PLANS
 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611
 Please send me your booklet entitled, "What most people don't know about medical insurance."
 Name _____
 Company _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Spray away his flea-and-tick troubles —and get back your frisky pal

ONLY Sergeant's Flea and Tick Spray helps you and your dog these seven ways.



Seven reasons why Sergeant's outsells all other flea and tick sprays combined. Only \$1.49, at drug stores and pet counters.

When your dog has fleas and ticks on his mind, he's not much fun for the family. Use Sergeant's regularly and keep him happy and frisky.

- First, Sergeant's Flea and Tick Spray brings you *push-button ease* in killing fleas • Ticks, too. Even the engorged ticks • Then Sergeant's exclusive formula goes on to check itching fungus • Also many bacteria • Brightens his coat with lanolin • Repels flying insects • Helps stop doggy odors.



Sergeant's®
FLEA AND TICK SPRAY

FREE Dog-Care Book:
Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments.
Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. LF, Richmond, Va. 23230.

For cats, get Sergeant's Cat Flea Spray



ASK YOUR SERVICE STATION FOR
MOTOR MEDIC
REDUCES FRICTION AND ENGINE WEAR

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery
STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

PLEASE!



Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES

'A Pie Feels like 10 Tons of Cement'

PIE FIGHT CONTINUED

eight hundred thousand, what's another hundred thousand?"

Warner looked out the window. "O.K.," he sighed. "Go."

That is how *The Great Race*, originally budgeted at \$6 million, swelled up to \$12 million, making it the most expensive comedy ever filmed. "I spent half my time acting," one of the stars, Natalie Wood, explained, "and the other half running to Mr. Warner's office to stand by and look cozy while Blake tried to get more money."

Edwards' other films, like *The Pink Panther* and *Shor in the Dark*, have been wild comedies and, it seems in retrospect, just warm-ups for *Race*. Edwards years ago fell in love with the great comics of the silent years and accumulated a library of their classics, which he has spent hundreds of hours studying. "Comedy is a science," he explains. "The sight gag is a science. The only way to learn a science is to study, and the only way to study is to look at what the old masters did and take from them. *Race* is an accumulation of dozens of the great comedy clichés—the damsel in distress, the man on a flapjoke, the great sheik lover, the crazy cops, and—of course, the pie fight."

When he was ready to shoot the fight, Edwards told his cast that a pie fight in itself was not funny, that there had to be a theme. His theme was built around Tony Curtis, the immaculate hero who is always dressed in white with never a spot of dirt on him. He wanders throughout the royal kitchen while the pies are whizzing through the air but none hits him. Not even a

speck of whipped cream soils him.

"The audience will start yearning for him to get it," explains Edwards. "It's going to build and build. Finally, at just the right moment, Tony will get a pie in the face. It's all very scientific."

The fight presented complicated make-up problems. Since it went on for five days, the stars' faces at the start of the day's shooting had to look just the way they did when shooting stopped the day before. When a day's pie-throwing ended, the make-up men took color pictures of all the participants. Next day they would use them as a guide. One morning, a make-up man began doing Natalie Wood's face. "Let's see," he said, consulting the color picture, "when we quit you had some raspberry on your left cheek, a glob of cream on your chin and some lemon meringue on your forehead." And he began to apply the proper pies.

The company took off for the weekend on a Friday and when they came back to the set on Monday to finish the scene, the cream in the demolished pies all over the walls and floor had soured. The actors fled until blowers were brought to air out the place.

In the first hours of the fight, the actors found the pie throwing great fun. Then it got to be something else. Natalie Wood was led gasping from the set when she choked on a creamy hit in the mouth. Jack Lemmon recalls: "I actually got knocked out a couple of times. Unless it's thrown just right, a pie hitting you in the face feels like 10 tons of cement."

DAVID ZETLIN

Splattered with meringue and goo, Edwards looks up and sees another pie hurtling toward him.



The name of the game is energy.

Billy never stops moving. Even when he's asleep, he's growing.

Kids need energyless, artificially sweetened foods and beverages like a china shop needs a bull.

Keep enough sugar in your youngster's life. For energy.

Kids need what sugar's got



... 18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.



Sugar Information, Inc.

P.O. Box 2604, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

For sweetness with energy, get cane or beet sugar.



FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS

As is pointed out in this week's Washington Report (*page 30B*), the President is having his problems—war in Vietnam, estrangement from the intellectual community and even from some of his own top Administration team. But there's nothing like a rod and reel to put troubled waters to rest and to rid a man of the feeling that he's either got to

fish or cut bait. As the civilian commander in chief of the nation's armed forces, the President is privileged to do his fishing from ships of the U.S. Navy, such as the destroyer *Compton*, and—but hold on! We've got the wrong Johnson. This one happens to be *Curtis Warren Johnson*, Yeoman First Class, USN—a striking look-alike, but no kin.

Have you hardened yourself against Soft Whiskey without even tasting it?

There are two types of characters who are certain Soft Whiskey doesn't work. There's the guy who's sure it's nothing but a gimmick. (He hasn't



tried it, but he's sure.) Then there's the guy who believes Soft Whiskey is soft (he hasn't tried it either), but thinks if it's soft, it's weak.

First of all, Soft Whiskey isn't just something we cooked up overnight. Distillers have tried to make a Soft Whiskey for years. Even we flopped in thousands of tries before we had it.

Secondly, Soft Whiskey is 86 proof.

It does what any 86 proof does. It just does it softer. Soft Whiskey goes down gently. It sort of swallows softly, but carries a big stick. (Incidentally, one way we



soften Calvert Extra is by distilling in small batches instead of giant ones.)

It's a lucky thing for us the skeptics are few and far between. (We've had phenomenal success.) Then why all this trouble to convert them?

Quite frankly, after all the work we've been through, we refuse to give up on anybody. We haven't hardened ourselves against them.

Try something different for a change...



Turn to Salem

for a taste that's
Springtime Fresh



Rich tobacco taste • Menthol soft flavor
Try Salem filter cigarettes